

Children's Newspaper:

The Best Thing a Shilling Can Buy
Is My Magazine for July

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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STORIES OF TWO PRIME MINISTERS

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LIFE'S HARD BATTLE

SAD STORY FROM PARIS

Railwayman's Son Who Won a Great Prize

AND WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER

We have just heard a sad story from Paris, which reminds us afresh that of all careers a painter's is one of the most uncertain. A man whose fame is acknowledged, whose name is well known, fainted in the street from hunger.

His name is Jean Guiraud, and he is worthy to be remembered if only because of the noble fight he has fought for the sake of an ideal. When he was a small boy running about the Bordeaux streets he had one dream, to be an artist.

The Will to Conquer

Artists, it seemed, were specially privileged people born with silver spoons in their mouths, and he, Jean, the child of a railwayman, was the last person to hope to rank with them. The difficulties ahead seemed to allure him rather than repel; at every turn in his young manhood he met and grappled with them.

Jean's mother, who had a fruit stall in the Bordeaux market-place, secretly looked to the day when her boy might come home penniless. She worked on, good soul, and the seasons ran by until one took her to her death, and left her boy still fighting.

In fullness of time Jean's reward came. He won the Prix de Rome for a fine picture called the Passion of the Virgin. Never could Jean explain to anyone the joy of that hour when his success was announced. The painting was hung in the School of Fine Arts in Paris, and people said: "Ah yes, Jean Guiraud; a name to be remembered, that."

The Theatre Painter

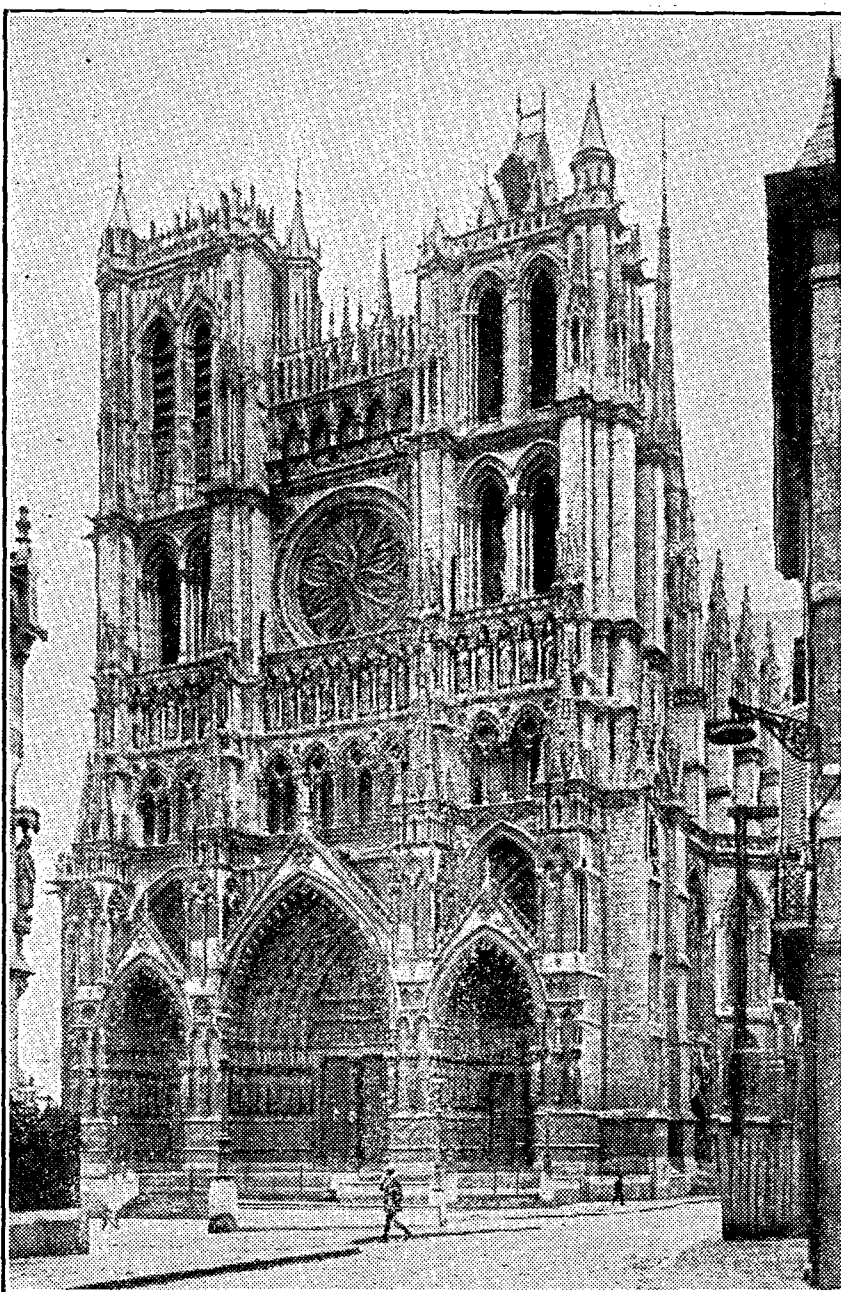
Ten years after he won the prize Jean was awarded the Alphonse de Neuville prize. So much merit might have brought some luxury with it, one might think. It happened that in this stage of the world's progress patrons of such pictures proved rare. No great commissions came along.

Jean was reduced to doing odd jobs, painting signs and theatre scenery. The day came when no one wanted his work at all.

The winner of the Prix de Rome was faced with starvation. He tried other means of employment; no one would take him. He tried to live on a very little. Then he tried to live on nothing at all, and after four days of fasting, passing down the Rue Pigale in Paris, he suddenly clutched at a railing and fell fainting.

He was picked up, and taken care of. Paris was shocked to find that Jean Guiraud was starving to death. The Academy of Fine Arts has taken up his case, and Jean is being helped out of the dark place he had stumbled into, back into the world of work and achievement again.

Amiens Cathedral in Danger



What John Ruskin called the Bible of Amiens, one of the noblest cathedrals in France, has been imperilled by a giving-way of the ground in front of it. A great hole has been formed and has brought to light an unknown passage containing bones, which is supposed to be an ancient crypt of Roman days

A NEW WAY OF MAKING DITCHES

DYNAMITE is being largely used on farms and fruit plantations in America to aid the grower, and larger crops are being obtained by its help.

When the farmer wants to plant trees, instead of digging holes in the soil by hand, he places a series of charges of dynamite in the ground at regular intervals and then fires them. When the dust has cleared away a series of holes is exposed to view as neatly made as if dug by men with picks and shovels. The size of the charge can be gauged to a nicety, and the direction of the explosion regulated, so that holes of a given size can be produced with a minimum of labour and in a short time.

The dynamite method of planting has another advantage over hand work, for the subsoil is loosened and the

young roots have a better chance of spreading and drawing nourishment from the ground. The results are shown in quicker growth and richer bearing.

Where new ground is to be cleared, dynamite has enormous advantages. After the trees have been felled and removed the stumps can be blown out of the ground in a tithe of the time and at a fraction of the cost of digging.

Dynamite is being used industrially in thousands of ways. It is employed to make ditches and trenches, to blow away part of a mountain, to shorten a tall chimney or to level an old and unwanted one, to break up an ice jam in a frozen river, to smash an iceberg, to ease a jam of logs in a river, to loosen coal in a mine, to change a river's course, and so on.

THE ALLIGATOR OF KATHERINE RIVER

A Tyrant of the Northern Territory

ODD GLIMPSE OF A FEARFUL REPTILE

Anything may happen in North Queensland, they say. The story which the C.N. reported from there of the struggle between a celebrated racehorse and a Katherine river alligator, has had an almost incredible sequel.

The racehorse, drinking at the river, was seized in the alligator's jaws by the nose and, after a desperate struggle in the shallows, where it inflicted severe damage with its hoofs on the reptile, was dragged under to be seen no more. The alligator has been seen again, as murderous as ever, but bearing evidence in a lost limb of the combat with the horse.

The manner of its reappearance was this. An Australian native went down to the river with his master and his cattle dog for water. While the man and the dog were wading in an alligator flashed out of the river, seized the dog by the fore-paw, and disappeared again. Without a moment's hesitation the native went in to save his friend.

Astride an Alligator

Man, dog, and alligator disappeared beneath the surface, on which a streak of blood spread while the white man stared, horrified, but helpless. After what seemed an age, though it cannot have been more than a minute, the three combatants reappeared. On the back of the alligator the black man sat astride. The alligator still held fast to the dog, but the native, taught by long tradition the only way to fight alligators with bare hands, had fixed his thumbs in the reptile's eyes.

Again the three sank beneath the foaming river. Again there was a pause, and then first the dog appeared and then the man. The dog, with a leg bitten off, struggled ashore. The black man waded grinning through the shallows to join the white cattle-drover. He was unhurt and he was happy, for he had saved his dog. He had not seen much of the enemy he had vanquished, but the cattle-man in those brief moments of visibility had noticed that the alligator was badly scarred, in the fore-quarters, and that one front paw was gone—the result, no doubt, of the struggle with the horse. Not yet is the fierce creature caught. It lives to fight another day.

A HORSE OF WATERLOO

At Sinclairshill, Duns, a village of the Border country between England and Scotland, a blacksmith called William Paterson has made his last horseshoe.

When he was apprenticed long ago he used to shoe a horse which had been a charger at the Battle of Waterloo. Two years ago he did the same for a horse which had been through the Great War.

THE FIVE NATIONS LITTLE ENTENTE AND ITS AIMS

One of the New Powers Bequeathed by the War BARRIER BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY

By a Political Correspondent

The action of Turkey in bringing the battleship Goeben into fighting condition has caused anxiety among her neighbours.

The Little Entente, made up roughly of five nations of the Near East, has lately been in conference at Bucharest on problems of common interest, and a correspondent now in Constantinople sends us these notes on the aims of these Five Powers, now playing a great part in Central Europe.

At first the Little Entente was a sort of insurance against a possible revolt of Hungary and Bulgaria against the terms of the peace treaties; today it is much more than that. From the beginning it has reflected very closely the policy and aims of France, and, though there is a certain amount of disillusion today where France is concerned, France is still the great patron of the little alliance.

The Partners

The principal partners are Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugo-Slavia; with Poland, and to some extent Greece, as very interested neighbours. At the beginning of the movement towards an understanding between the three States which inherited part of Hungary, there was much ill-feeling between Czechoslovakia and Poland, and the first treaty was between Prague and Belgrade. Then followed an agreement between Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and another between Rumania and Yugo-Slavia. The Little Entente was formed.

But a secondary aim had already come in. The first arrangements had been directed mainly against Hungary, in case Hungary should seek to recover the lands she had been made to surrender. The agreement between Rumania and Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, was directed against a possible revenge by Bulgaria.

Many Questions

All these arrangements have been followed by the friendly approval of France, which sees in the Little Entente a system which will impose a barrier between Germany and Russia.

What are the questions the Little Entente statesmen have to consider? There is no reason to fear any attempt by Hungary to regain lost territory for many years to come. Bulgaria is surrounded by a ring of enemies, and is completely occupied with the dangerous situation inside her borders.

Rumania wants to keep Bessarabia, which is constantly threatened by Russia. Would the other members of the Entente help her if she was attacked by such a dangerous enemy? Is there a real danger of a Communist revolt in Bulgaria? A revolutionary Government in that distracted country might mean that Rumania would find herself between two fires in the event of attack by Russia on Bessarabia.

Many Interests

Then there is the very important question of what attitude the grouped Powers are to take in the movement for uniting Austria to Germany. This affects Czechoslovakia most intimately.

It will be seen that the interests of all the partners are by no means the same. The weakness of the system is its diversity of aims; its strength is perhaps to be found in the strength of the ties between the partners and the principal military power in Europe, France.

THE STORY OF THE SEVENTH MAN

A Note for History

A little more than two years ago the C.N. gave to the world one of the sublimest stories ever told.

It was the story of how the Prince of Wales, visiting a hospital for broken soldiers, found that seven cases were hidden from him and insisted that he would see them. He was taken to six, but not to the seventh. It was too terrible, they told him. The Prince insisted, and this is what happened then:

One member of the staff accompanied the Prince into that little darkened room of unutterable tragedy. He relates that the Prince walked firmly to the bedside, that he turned very white, but stood there with bowed head, looking at the man who could neither see him nor hear him, looking at that awful wreck of manhood as though he would see the final anguish of murderous and monstrous war. Then, very slowly, the Prince stooped down and kissed the man's face.

When he rose it was as if another Presence had come into that room.

It is a story that will live in England's history, and the C.N., which gave it to the world, is anxious that nothing untrue should be associated with it. It happens that Sir Almeric Fitzroy, for 25 years Clerk to the Privy Council, has just contributed to the Morning Post some notes from his diary, and in them he tells this story as having occurred in Belgium during the Prince's visit there in April, 1923.

That is not correct. Sir Almeric Fitzroy, though Clerk to the Privy Council at the time, did not hear of this story until ten weeks after it had appeared in the C.N., when he entered it in his diary. We believe the incident took place in this country; we are certain it took place six months before the visit to Belgium which Sir Almeric Fitzroy describes; and we put this fact on record because we believe the story will live, and we wish it to live, in its sublime simplicity, free from any error.

A SHIP WITH A HISTORY

The Goeben Again

TURKEY STARTS A NEW NAVAL RACE

One of the most exciting incidents of the opening months of the war, when the British Navy was clearing the seas of enemy ships, was the escape into Turkish waters of the big German battleships the Goeben and the Breslau. Their arrival there had a good deal to do with the decision of Turkey to join in the war on Germany's side, and they became part of the Turkish navy.

For six years the Goeben has been lying at anchor in the Sea of Marmora. She was badly damaged during the war, and she has been rusting unrepaired ever since. Now it has been suddenly decided to put her in order. Turkey has no dock in which the work can be done, and the Goeben could never get to a foreign dockyard. So a huge floating dock has been bought in Germany, and is to be towed to Constantinople. When this and the repairs are paid for the bill will be almost equal to the original cost of the boat when Germany built it! It is a characteristic piece of Turkish folly.

But the real trouble is the effect it will have on Turkey's neighbours. Russia, Greece, and Rumania will feel they must respond with naval programmes of their own. Russia had long stopped all important building, and Greece and Rumania had been thankful to stop buying warships. The restored Goeben, it is feared, will start the race again. She is truly a ship of ill omen.

AMUNDSEN'S GREAT ADVENTURE

His Flight to the Pole THE SPIRIT THAT WILL NOT QUAIL

In Amundsen, the brave seeker of the Pole, the spirit of the explorer remained unquenched in spite of all the accidents of the most dangerous calling man can follow, and all the vicissitudes of a career which brought him honour but little profit.

He was not content with being the first man to plant his foot at the South Pole; he was drawn as by a magnet to the North Pole, which none but Peary had reached. The spirit of Amundsen will not quail.

So, after more than a year of waiting and disappointment, and though he had spent all his money in the quest of exploration, he set out for the North Pole in the most untravellered way by which it could be approached, by aeroplane. He well knew the risks, for from Peary's account he was aware that the landing at the Pole might be a very difficult one, and that the plane might not survive it. Consequently he took with him sledges and provisions and all a Polar explorer's equipment for travelling back over the ice if the aeroplane could not carry him. He went out into the unknown, and for long days the world waited for news of Amundsen and the aeroplane that did not return. All that was known was that the weather had changed for the worst, and all that could be done was to wait and hope for Amundsen's own story of his voyage and his peril.

AN M.P. GETS TO KNOW

An Earl's Son's Way

Lord Apsley, M.P., son of an earl and secretary to a Minister of State, is a very practical man.

He found he did not know enough about emigration to answer questions that were constantly being put to his department, so he decided to emigrate himself, disguised as a working man.

He got his assisted passage, went out on an emigrant ship, worked on a farm in Australia, and then became a lord again. Now he is ready to tell us all about emigration, and to discuss it intelligently.

Once he wanted to know what happened to the unemployed. He went to a provincial town and joined them, living on 10s. a week. It was a spirited and enterprising thing to do. But it must make a lot of difference, when you are either an emigrant or one of the unemployed, to know that you can be a wealthy man again when you have had enough of it!

WEMBLEY

Better Than Ever

It is universally agreed that Wembley is more attractive than ever this year.

The spectacle of Empire Day, and the great scene in the Stadium showing the defence of London (now over), will not be forgotten by those who saw them, and the popularity of Treasure Island grows every day with the children.

"A fine day and Wembley" are all that anybody wants for a good time.

THE WIRELESS BILL

Government Drops It

The Government has dropped the Wireless Bill, and will introduce another simpler one. It is to be hoped that the new one will be more carefully drawn up; the old one was so loosely worded that it made it a crime to look at the Sun without wires!

THINGS SAID

A RICH MAN'S JOY

Film People Swaying the World's Destinies

THE SILENT FORCES

New York is now beyond question the most magnificent of all great cities.

Dean Inge

It is an enormous asset for a woman to know how to cook and to sew and to darn.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin

They also serve who only stand and growl.

Manchester Guardian

I have known collections of pictures where the owner did not give half the care to them that he gave to his hot-houses or his dogs.

Sir Robert Wilt

There are no articles in the world that are worse treated than books.

Dr. Hagberg Wright

A nation should possess the largest possible number of beautiful things available for the largest possible number of its people.

Archbishop of York

I make money. I have made tons of money. But what good is it to me? I tell you there is nothing in it. But to give! In some way I cannot explain I get the greatest joy out of that.

Mr. Bernhard Baron

It is one of the glories of the British Empire that it is an empire of all races.

Mr. Lloyd George

Just a sprinkling of rather vulgar people in New York, engaged in the business of making money at the quickest possible rate, are swaying the destinies of nations.

Mr. Cecil Hepworth, writing on films

The Dominions are free States. Each is a daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own.

The Prime Minister

The greatest forces work silently. It is the accumulated influence of mutual understanding and common purpose that will unite the British and American peoples, not a formal alliance heralded round the globe.

Sir Robert A. Falconer

If the public demand Sunday trains the railways must run them. It is the business of the Church to prevent the demand.

Chairman of the L.N.E.R.

NEW CRUISE AMONG THE WHALES

Scott's Old Ship

Captain Scott's old ship, the Discovery, is sailing on quite a new errand to the Antarctic seas.

In the Arctic the whale has been practically exterminated, and it is feared that the same thing will happen in the Antarctic unless steps are taken to prevent it in time. The British Colonial Office seeks to save the whales, but before that can be done it must have more facts. The Discovery is going to get the facts.

There are very few men left now who know how to make wooden ships, so the Discovery is very valuable; but it was difficult even to find the men who could overhaul her properly and put her into condition for her mission.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Achilles	A-kil-ecz
Arcturus	Ark-tu-rus
Boötes	Bo-o-tecz
Cincinnati	Sin-sin-nah-te
Nagasaki	Nah-gah-sah-ka

THE CHINESE GIRL A BETTER WORLD FOR HER

Passing of the Tiny Feet That
Cannot Walk

PLAYING IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By Our Chinese Correspondent

The Olympic Games of the Far East have just taken place in Manila, and it was wonderful to see Chinese and Japanese girls contesting for the prizes. A wonderful transformation it is, surely, when we remember the history of a Chinese girl till not so long ago.

The C.N. has appointed a Chinese lady journalist as its correspondent, and she sends us these notes.

Most of us know that Chinese mothers used to bind their daughters' feet when they were very young. It sounds very cruel, but the mothers wished to make their daughters beautiful and graceful. It is rather strange to think that a girl's beauty could ever be enhanced by having a pair of tiny feet, but for a long time people in China did think so. Naturally the girls and women were not healthy, as they could not walk in the real sense of the word.

Girls Beat the Boys

Happily this strange custom is no longer considered worth keeping up. In the coast towns and port cities nearly all the young girls now have natural feet. In most schools for girls all students are compelled to take physical exercises.

Some years ago many people saw the need of giving a thorough training to the girls to prepare them as teachers, playground directors, or secretaries. This idea was realised in 1915, when the first physical normal school was opened by the National Y.W.C.A. Students came from all parts of China to be trained; some travelled for over a month to reach the school. Later new schools of this nature were opened by the Chinese themselves.

As more and more girls are given a physical training, it is not uncommon now for the schoolgirls to interest themselves in ball games; the basket-ball team in one of the girls' schools in Shanghai last year beat the boys!

Sisters of Three Nations

The Far Eastern Olympic Games are held every two years. Those who take part in the games are the Filipinos, Japanese, and Chinese. The Chinese girls began to take part in the Olympic Games in 1921 when China was host. A thousand girls, including twenty from an electric bulb factory, had a big demonstration in the grounds.

When the Olympic Games were held in Osaka in 1923, eighteen Chinese girls went over to Japan to take part in volleyball and tennis games, and the Chinese National Physical Association this year received a warm invitation from Manila saying that when the Olympic Games were held there Chinese girls were earnestly requested to take part.

The games have just taken place, and Chinese girls took great delight in contesting for the honours with their Japanese and Filipino sisters.

CAIRO GUIDES

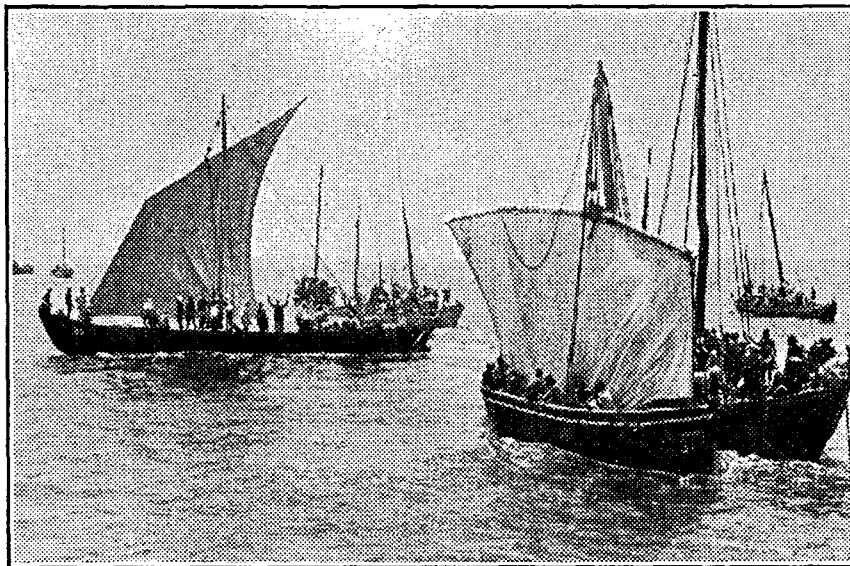
A Little Rally of Nations

A marvellously international gathering has lately taken place in Egypt. Eight Cairo Companies of Girl Guides, comprising fourteen nationalities, had a district rally at Bab-el-Louk.

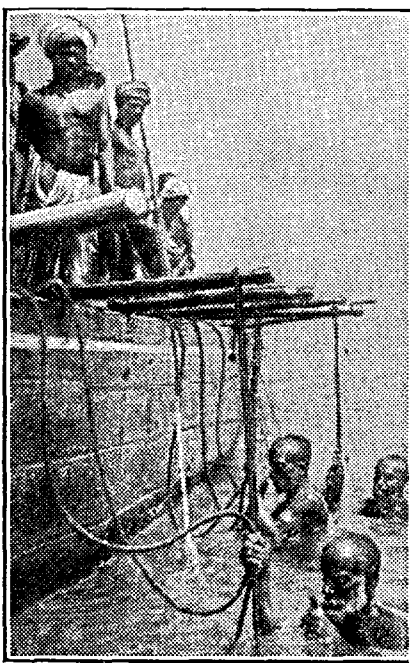
American, Russian, Czecho-Slovakian, Greek, British—what matters nationality when it is a question of cakes and songs and Girl Guiding?

As a Commissioner said: "How can a serious grievance exist between people who have scalded themselves with the same billy or entertained mutual doubts about a bowline on a bight?"

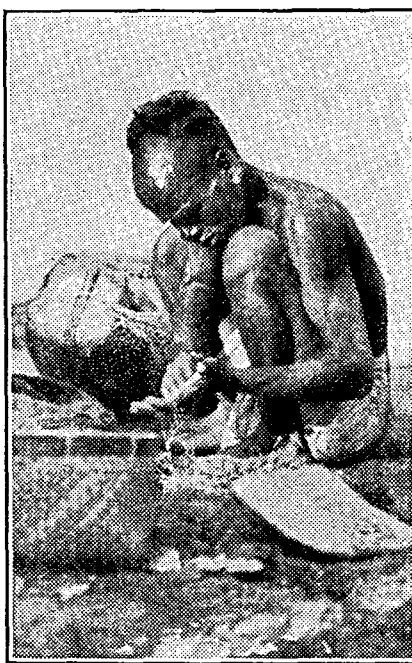
THE PEARL DIVERS ARE BUSY AGAIN



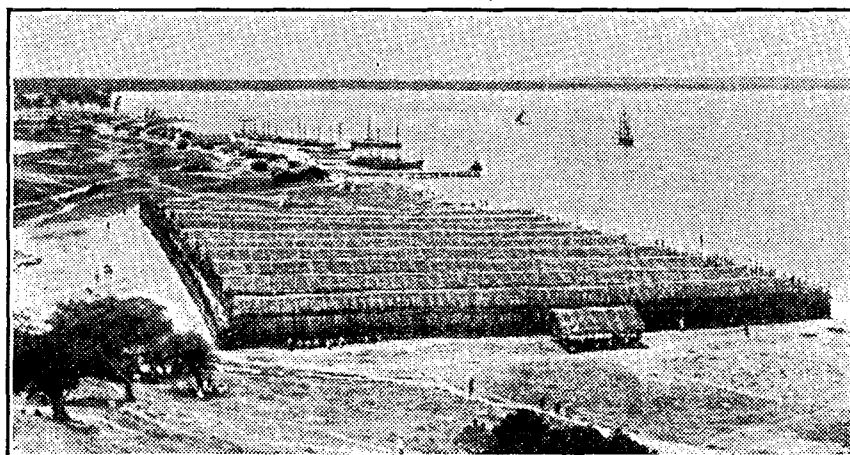
Some of the pearling fleet on the banks



Divers coming up and going down



Opening the oysters to search for pearls



The Government sheds into which all the oysters are taken



One of the busy streets in the Pearl Town

After eighteen years suspension the famous pearl fishery of Ceylon has been reopened, and these pictures show the pearl ships, the divers, and scenes in the town of Marichchukade, which is the centre of the industry. The divers wear no diving dress, but remain under water a minute and three quarters at a time

MAN'S FIRST HOME

WAS IT IN AFRICA?

More and More Light on an
Old Question

STONE AGE RELICS

It is now many years since the flint implements of early Palaeolithic man were first discovered in England and in France, and since then archaeologists in other countries have shown that similar specimens occur over enormous areas of the Earth's surface.

Recently, Mr. Neville Jones has made known to the scientific world a large series of palaeoliths found by Dr. Arnold and himself in the ancient deposits of the River Umuza, at Sawmills, Rhodesia. These specimens are made chiefly of quartzite, a very hard rock, and they assume the well-known forms of many of the Palaeolithic implements of England.

Africa's Riches in Stone

South Africa has recently come into great prominence by reason of the discovery there of the remains of primitive man—as at Broken Hill mine—and the supposed skull of an ape-man. These discoveries are not so surprising when it is realised how rich Africa is in the stone implements made by prehistoric races; for, in many parts of the continent, large numbers of Palaeolithic axes have been found in positions which show clearly their great antiquity.

The beautiful implements found near the Victoria Falls, the massive specimens from Uganda and other places, prove beyond a doubt that Palaeolithic man must have lived for prolonged periods in Africa.

Methods of Evolution

Not only are these African specimens very similar to those found in England and Western Europe, but they were made in precisely the same way, and exhibit the same methods of evolution or development from earlier types.

The prehistoric men of Africa, however, had not the same fine flint from which to make their weapons as was used by the Palaeolithic hunters in England and elsewhere; they had to content themselves with quartzite and other similar rocks. Occasionally, a quartzite implement is found in England, but they are very rare, because flint was so plentiful and most easily flaked. Yet the quartzite implements of Africa and the flint specimens of England bear a very close resemblance.

Was Darwin Right?

A study of the Palaeolithic axes found in different parts of the world leads to the belief that the various types originated from a common centre and were slowly dispersed to far distant areas. If this view is correct, then it must be realised that the prehistoric period must have been of very great duration, for the spread of a "fashion" in implement-making from, say, South Africa to England could only, in those days, have been exceedingly slow.

In many caves in the Matoppos Hills flint implements are being found by Mr. Neville Jones and his colleagues, and these specimens are different from, and of later types than, the early Palaeolithic hand-axes of the Umuza River deposits.

Charles Darwin, the famous naturalist, once said he thought that, in all probability, Africa was the birthplace of mankind; and all these recent discoveries in that wonderful country tend to show that his suggestion may eventually prove to be correct.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE MAN & THE SHIPS WHAT HAS COME OF IT ALL?

Small Beginning of One of the
World's Big Businesses

LOOKING AFTER SHIPS

After lodging 150 years at the Royal Exchange, Lloyd's is to have a home of its own. A magnificent building is being put up for it in Leadenhall Street, of which the King has laid the foundation stone.

But what is Lloyd's? It is not easy to explain. It is a society of business men who have been doing a great work for British trade entirely of their own free will and to whom Parliament has given great powers because of the efficient and public-spirited way they have done it. They register and insure British shipping, and publish daily a list of sailings and arrivals from all over the world compiled from messages sent by their own agents.

The first we know of Lloyd's is in 1688, the year of the Revolution, when James the Second ran away. But it was not a corporation then; it was just a coffee-house kept by Edward Lloyd, where people interested in shipping met and did business with each other. Lloyd collected news that would interest his customers, getting people to write to him from all the ports. This was the beginning of Lloyd's List, the oldest newspaper in the country except the official Gazette.

A1 at Lloyd's

Gradually his customers formed themselves into a definite society, but for nearly a hundred years they went on meeting at a coffee-house which was still called Lloyd's, though Lloyd himself had long since passed away. When they went to the Royal Exchange in 1774 they took his name with them.

When a ship is classed A1 at Lloyd's it means that it is recognised at Lloyd's to have a Class A hull and Number 1 rigging and equipment. When a ship is to be insured at Lloyd's a broker writes out on a slip of paper the particulars of the ship and its voyage and cargo, and the value to be insured, and the "underwriters" each put down the amount they are prepared to risk till the required amount is made up. So that now it is not Lloyd's itself that does the insuring, but the members of Lloyd's, as in the coffee-house days.

A typically English institution is this great place, a mighty organisation which just grew up somehow with the need that created it.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£17,850
A portrait by Reynolds . . .	£9975
A Louis XVI writing-table . . .	£3780
Pair of Sèvres vases . . .	£2830
A Louis XVI secrétaire . . .	£2830
Pair of Louis XVI candelabra . . .	£2467
A 1532 Italian vellum missal . . .	£2100
A Beauvais tapestry panel . . .	£2100
A drawing by Boucher . . .	£1050
Pair of Limoges candlesticks . . .	£892
A Louis XV fire-screen . . .	£861
A 17th-century French shrine . . .	£567
An 18th-century timepiece . . .	£472
A 16th-century Italian spoon . . .	£225
A French suit of armour . . .	£105
Pair of flintlock pistols . . .	£100
A 16th-century helmet . . .	£95
A Henry VII gold sovereign . . .	£85
Charles I silver pound piece . . .	£62

THE SLEEPING GIANT Tree Which Fell 200 Years Ago

THE UNDYING HEART OF THE GREAT FOREST

Like the Old Guard of Napoleon, the giant redwood tree dies but never surrenders.

In the Californian forest one has just been found which, after braving storm and tempest, summer heat and winter rain, for six hundred years, was at length borne to the ground. But in its fall it made its grave the ground for the birth of new life. On its mighty bole the leaves drifted and fell and the forest debris collected till in the course of years it formed a soil where other trees might grow.

On that living tomb no fewer than eleven trees found a resting-place. Nine of them are Western hemlocks and two Sitka spruces. They planted themselves on the fallen giant, taking their sustenance from his garnered store of soil, and by and by, as they grew stronger and bigger, they curled their roots round him till they pierced the ground where the redwood lay. One of the hemlocks began its life there 180 years ago, and has now a trunk two feet through. A companion, younger by ten years, is a Sitka spruce, a young giant itself, for it is five feet in diameter.

The young trees, now grown old, clasped their foster-parent tight and bound him to the ground as the Liliputians bound Gulliver. The giant will arise no more, but he has slept on calmly, for his heart is as sound as the day he fell. Borings made into his trunk have shown it to be as sound and durable as the day on which the tree fell two centuries ago.

PEERS BEHIND THE TIMES

No Woman Need Apply TWO VOTES DECIDE A GREAT POINT

There are still some curious facts that are difficult to explain about our public life. A woman may sit on a parish council, a district council, a town or city council, a county council, in the House of Commons, and on the throne; but she must not sit in the House of Lords. The House of Lords, the citadel of masculine privilege, still keeps the old flag of exclusion flying. By a majority of two votes it has rejected a Bill allowing women who are peeresses in their own right (and not merely the wives of peers) to sit and vote with the men.

No real reason was given for the decision. All that was said was that as the House of Lords would be reformed very soon the thing could wait till then. But the House of Lords has been "going to be reformed" for a long time, and its reform is likely to have to wait a long time, for no one cares to undertake it.

The peeresses will certainly have another try long before the House is reformed, and the majority may then be the other way. Even in citadels of privilege one must ultimately move with the times.

OLD PIRATE SHIP America's Oldest Vessel

The oldest ship in America still goes to sea regularly.

She is the sailing vessel Vigilant, whose history goes back a good hundred and fifty years to the time when she carried pirates. Nowadays the Vigilant spends her time doing odd coast traffic, and carrying cattle between St. Croix and Porto Rico.

PRIDE OF POSSESSION Two Cars and a Ten-Franc Note

By a Passing Motorist

A reader passing the other day through a country town sends us this note of a little scene that interested her.

It was fair day in the small country town. The streets were thronged with merry crowds, revelling in the warmth of one of the lovely days of May. Farmers were taking home their cattle from the fair, and hundreds of motor-cars were passing.

In a narrow street a small boy sat on the ledge of a shop window, amusing himself—as small boys will for some mysterious reason—by making notes of the car numbers. Not one number did he miss.

Presently two great cars, magnificent in their newly-painted glory, glided by, and the boy's eyes shone with admiration as he watched them. Then, to his evident delight, in a few minutes they were back, pulling up in front of him.

Wonders at His Feet

Leaping down from his window in an instant, he made the most of the chance that had brought these wonders to his very feet. The two men got out; they spoke to him in very broken English; they asked him if he would mind the cars till they returned, and they handed him a ten-franc note.

Our small boy took it, the wonder on his face increasing. He folded up the note and put it in the secret pocket under his jersey. Then he stood guard over the two cars. He had no eyes now for any others.

But his pride and excitement were too much for him; he withdrew the precious note from its hiding-place and looked at it once more. Then he put it back until a friend passed by, when the temptation to produce his treasure could not be overcome. Several times this happened, the note being shown to every friend he trusted. It was impossible not to be struck with the proud sense of possession in this small boy who had so suddenly become guardian of two new cars and owner of a ten-franc note.

REBUILDING AN INDUSTRY

France Restores Her Sugar Factories

A wonderful story of courageous work is to be found in the rebuilding of the sugar industry in France.

Shortly before the war a million tons of sugar were made every year in France, an amount equal to twice the entire consumption of the country. Out of 213 factories that were at work when the war broke out, only 80 remained as the result of the wholesale destruction that took place, and the production of sugar from beetroot fell to a hundred thousand tons.

Immediately after the armistice the French Government promised to loan money to the owners of every destroyed or damaged factory, and the result has been that in six years the amount of sugar made annually has been increased again to three-quarters of a million tons.

American money was offered to help the work of reconstruction, but the French people were very anxious to manage entirely by themselves; and, by suppressing any factory that was ill-equipped or badly situated, and concentrating their efforts on the better ones, they succeeded in keeping the rebuilding in their own hands.

Last year 385,000 acres of land were cultivating sugar-beet, and more than 3½ million tons of beetroot were used in making, once again, more than enough sugar to provide for the whole population.

A MAN AND HIS BOOK THE BEACON LIGHT OF EXMOOR

Richard Blackmore and His
Great Romance

SECRET OF THE CHARM OF LORNA DOONE

A hundred years ago on June 7 there was born Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the author of Lorna Doone, and in honour of romance it is an anniversary that should be widely observed, for no story in the English tongue more truly expresses the national love of a chivalrous spirit, high adventure, and delight in an open-air life amidst a mingling of natural beauty and a bracing sternness.

Blackmore made Exmoor a holiday resort for people who read, just as truly as Scott drew all the travelling world to Scotland; Wordsworth, unawares, exploited the English Lakes; and Thomas Hardy has given Wessex a new existence. It was right that he should do so, for though he was Berkshire born, and lived all his later life as a fruit-farmer at Teddington in the Thames Valley, he was a North Devonshire man by his family stock and early associations.

Romance and History

For the scenes of his various tales he sometimes left the West, journeying into Yorkshire, into Surrey, and into Kent, but his readers insist on identifying him specially with Exmoor and North Devon, and more particularly with Lorna Doone.

That instinct is entirely sound, for the story stands out not only as a beacon light among Blackmore's other books, but as a distinctive achievement in English literature. It expresses in an elemental way some of the deepest qualities of the English spirit. To miss it from the books we shall certainly read again would be an impoverishment.

In Lorna Doone delicate romance is interwoven with manly strength; rude adventure keeps close company with homely life; and history is present to make a framework for the story.

The scholar and gardener who was born 100 years ago was, at least as judged by one of his books, so naturally a story-teller and had so completely absorbed the human life and the benign influences of the earth in a part of England, that he has left his countrymen a lasting record of its abounding romance and deserves from them grateful and tender memories.

The C.N. salutes at once the spirit of romance and of Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

MAGNESIUM FOR AEROPLANES

Cheapening a Useful Metal

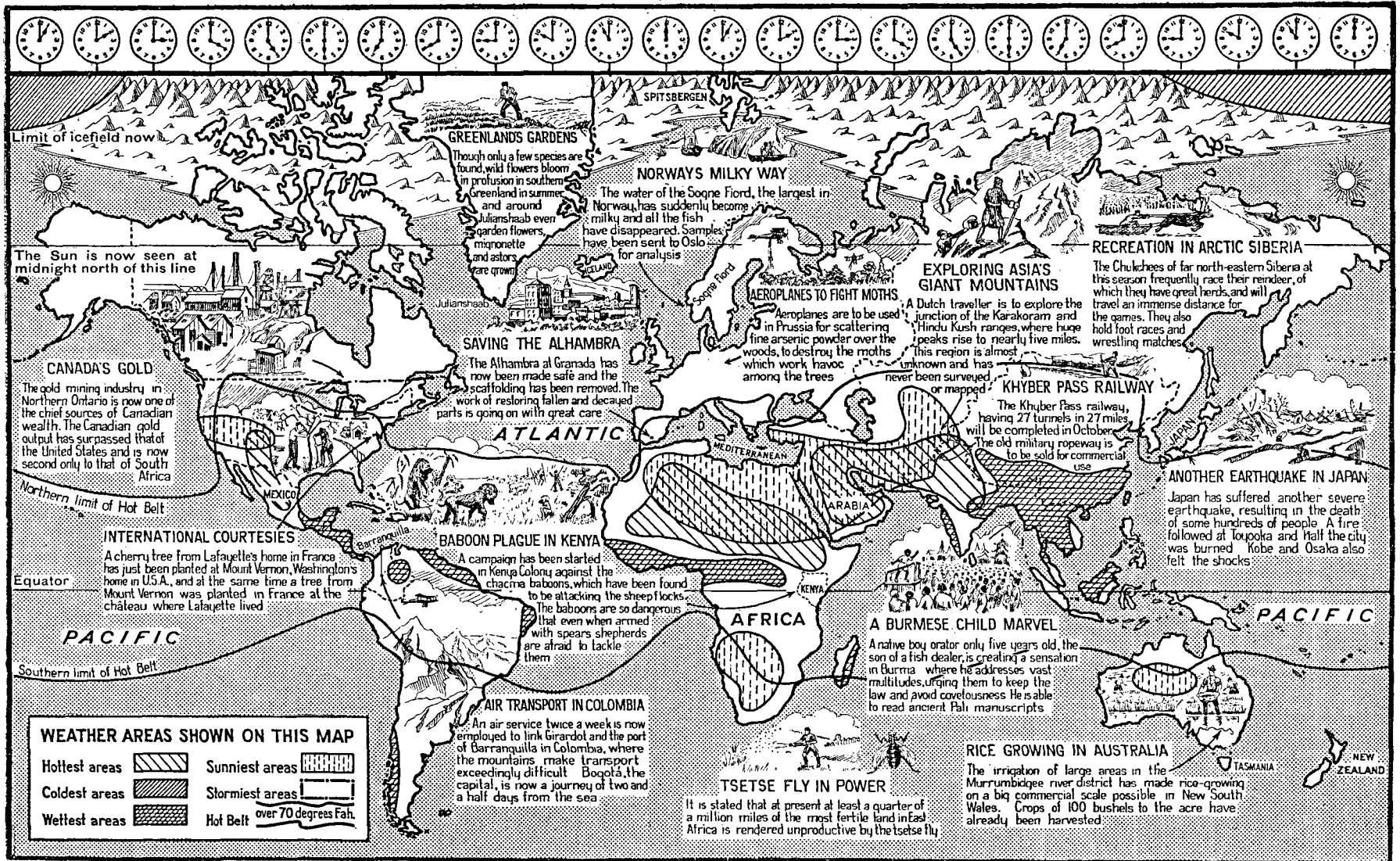
A few years ago aluminium was little more than a curiosity. The discovery of cheap methods of producing it have made it one of the most important and most largely used metals of the day.

Another element, magnesium, is just coming to the fore in an exactly similar way. A new process has been discovered for producing it by electricity from magnesium oxide, and it is already being put to a number of uses, in a pure state and alloyed with other metals, by engineers.

It has been found of great value in aircraft manufacture and for making the moving parts of petrol engines. It is lighter even than aluminium, and when annealed has a tensile strength of 25,000 pounds to the square inch.

A great future is predicted by experts for magnesium, especially for aircraft. So far it has been most familiar to us as the flashlight powder used by photographers for taking pictures indoors at night-time.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



WHAT WILL COME OF IT?

Gold from Mercury

JAPANESE EXPERIMENT CONFIRMS THE DISCOVERY

Dr. Miethe's discovery that gold can be obtained from mercury by transmutation has now been confirmed by Professor Nagaoka, of Tokio.

The work has been carried out at the Tokio Institute of Physical and Chemical Research, and with a pressure of several million volts a thin film of gold was produced at the bottom of a vacuum flask containing the mercury. Dr. Nagaoka is continuing his work, not because he wants to turn mercury into gold but because the experiment teaches a great deal about the inmost structure of atoms.

At the same time these new discoveries may some day be put to practical uses. We must not forget that when helium was discovered it was only in the form of a fraction of a grain or so in a tiny piece of apparatus, and was tremendously valuable. Yet today helium is so cheap that millions of cubic feet can be used for filling a big airship. Many elements have been regarded as of untold value for the first few years after their discovery, yet they are today used by the ton and are worth perhaps only a shilling or two a pound.

So we may find that the costly fragment of gold which has now been made from mercury may gradually grow as other chemists turn their attention to a more practical application of the discovery, and that the dream of the ancient alchemists, of turning base metals into precious ones, may be realised in such a way as to turn the standards of the world's wealth, for a time, topsy-turvy. But probably that will not happen very soon.

THE BOY AND THE BUGLE

A Nameless Hero

A fine old gentleman of ninety, who, when he was a young officer in his teens, served in the Crimean War, has been telling the story of a bugler boy at the Siege of Sebastopol seventy years ago.

"If there is a bugler boy in the Russian army I'll take his bugle from him," the boy had said. But the soldiers laughed at him, for he was only fourteen.

However, the lad disappeared, and somehow or other he got himself mixed up with the Russians, found a bugler boy, and brought back the bugle!

Hearing of the adventure, the general bought the bugle and recommended the youngster for the Victoria Cross, but the authorities turned down the recommendation, saying the boy was too young.

It is doubtful if anyone knows the lad's name. He is one of the great multitude of nameless heroes.

TOLSTOY

Bolsheviks and His Centenary

How far the Russian revolution was a result of the teachings of Tolstoy is, perhaps, a matter for debate. It remains a fact that so far his memory has not been honoured by the Soviets. We seem to remember, indeed, that his works were publicly burnt.

It is now announced, however, that the centenary of the birth of the great Russian novelist will be celebrated with much pomp, and that a new museum will be built which will bear the name of the author of War and Peace.

BRITAIN'S CHAMPION LOCOMOTIVE

As a result of the contest between the G.W.R. and L.N.E.R. locomotives the other day, the G.W.R. Castle type has proved itself the champion of the British Isles. With less coal consumption it is faster and a better climber.

RUINED CITY IN A LAKE

What a Drought Brought Forth

The ruins of what was once the biggest city in America have been laid bare by a drought in Arizona, which lowered the level of Roosevelt Lake.

An expedition from the American Museum of Natural History is now exploring the ruins, and estimates that the buildings are between 2000 and 5000 years old. Pottery of a design similar to that found in old Mexican ruins has been unearthed, and a building has been discovered, about 550 feet long, which apparently once stood four storeys high.

SPARROWS IN THE TEA SHOP

A Little London Holiday

A brood of sparrows have just arrived to spend their holidays amid the surroundings of a London teashop.

The birds come regularly each year during May and take up their abode at the A.B.C. café opposite Charing Cross, where they hop among the tea-cups.

Although the waitresses find the presence of these non-paying customers a little troublesome, the birds persist in their right to remain, much to the entertainment of the legitimate customers, who feed them with crumbs.

THE BLOCKED PIPE

A Good Idea in the Oil Fields

A new idea is being adopted in America to deal with cases when oil wells cease flowing because salt and paraffin congeal and block the pipes.

Under a thousand pounds pressure, steam heated to a thousand degrees Fahrenheit is forced down the piping and this dissolves the paraffin so that it can be pumped off. Special machinery has been built for this work, and as a result many wells which would otherwise have been abandoned are still flowing freely.

FIRST SHOCK OF THE WAR

The City which Bore it

Details are now available of a great war memorial at Liège which has hitherto attracted very little notice in this country. It is stated that all the allies of the Great War have agreed to support the scheme, Liège being chosen as the city which sustained the first shock of the German invasion.

The memorial is to consist of two parts, religious and civil, with a sanctuary in which every allied State may call to mind in its own way the proudest and saddest memories of the war.

The site of the monument will be a plateau commanding magnificent views over the valleys of the Ourthe and Meuse, and an Antwerp architect, M. Joseph Smolderen, has been entrusted with the design.

HOW THE KINEMA WORKS

C.P. Pictures of the Film

The moving picture, with many other wonders of the day, is taken for granted by most of us. How many of us pause to think how it is done?

In this week's Children's Pictorial we are shown just how a picture is made to live on the screen. The C.P. artist shows us how the thousands of photographs which make the moving picture are taken, how the long film is developed and dried, and fresh copies taken from it. We are then shown the working of the projector, the little machine which makes the picture live on the screen.

This is only one splendid feature of many in this week's C.P., which is now on sale everywhere, price twopence.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 13 1925

Something for Nothing

IN the lounge of many hotels in France the traveller finds a curious-looking cabinet round which will gather, after lunch or after dinner, all the most credulous people staying there. We do not know what it is called; we should call it the Franc-Catcher. You put in a franc and expect to get forty francs out.

That is what that little credulous crowd expects as it comes up with its franc; what does happen is that once in a while two francs come out, once in a full moon four, and once in a blue moon forty. For the rest the francs are gone; the Franc-Catcher has swallowed them up.

It seems amazingly stupid to those who watch, but the Franc-Catcher is one of the ugly facts of life. It has come into being because the world has so many people who want something for nothing. The pity is that they think they can get it. Yet one of the oldest truths in the world, and one of the simplest, is that *out of nothing nothing comes*.

It is the meanest of all desires, when we think of it. The man who grows rich and does nothing is living by somebody else's work. He is taking all he can get from the world and giving it nothing; he is one of the world's beggars, a parasite, a burden on its back. It is not a question of robbing other people only; it is much more a question of robbing ourselves, for no man can receive something to which he is not entitled, and remain the same. One of our wise men was asked which class of people he found most hopeless, and he answered *The gamblers*. They are hopeless for the same reason that a thief is hopeless; both want something for nothing.

It is one of the tragic facts of today that the spirit of greed is corrupting so many lives. At a time when the world is in sore need of hard work the loafing spirit of the gambler creeps farther and deeper into life. It corrupts the mind and enervates the soul. It is like a canker in a world slowly trying to recover its health and strength. It consumes the time and thought that men should give to other things; no man can be working well for his wages who is wondering whether he will lose them all on a chance, or whether he might make more money by not working at all.

The honest way through the world is to pay our way, to give for what we take, to work for what we want. By no other way can happiness be found; in no other way can we feel, when our journey through this world is done, that we have lived in it like men and left it better than we found it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Give Them a Hand

THE miserable people in the gutter do not want to get out, we heard the other day. Perhaps not; more's the pity. But give them a hand and they will come.

A Traveller from Spain

A TRAVELLER from Spain has just told us a fresh thing about the country of Cervantes, the barren, brown land with its stark, white houses and its mule bells. Mrs. Elsner tells us that there, at least, every place of pilgrimage is not infested with a host of parasites, innkeepers, and guides, waiting to suck rich foreigners dry and to pour scorn on the poor ones. Money is not the chief passion of the Spaniard.

This lady traveller tells of a motor accident in a lonely district. After a long walk, the voyagers came to a small homestead, where they sought food and shelter. "No, no!" was the reply. "We are busy with a new-born child. We are sorry. We cannot attend to visitors." All the money offered could not alter this decision. Then one of the household suggested that these strangers might bring the baby luck, and at this everything was changed. They were made welcome to the best of everything in the house.

In pagan days people believed that the gods were angry with men who ill-used strangers. Evidently that tradition lingered in the minds of those Spanish peasants. Pity that it should perish anywhere!

The Country Girl Tries to Write

DOORS burst open, one after the other, all over the house. On the ground floor a man's voice complained:

"I was just getting under way with a part of my book which has worried me for weeks."

From the attic the C.N. Country Girl demanded: "How am I to finish this C.N. poem by post-time?"

On the second floor a child piped: "Will someone send the organ man away? We simply can't do lessons with that noise."

"I'll see to him," said Cook, grimly emerging from kitchen to hall.

"If once we encourage them they will come regularly," said the novelist.

"It must be stopped at once," said the Country Girl; "this used to be such a quiet road."

Suddenly Cook reappeared.

"Was he rude?" asked someone.

"Well, I didn't like to send him off," said Cook sheepishly. "I didn't go any farther than the door. He's got wrote up on a card on the organ: *Mentioned in Despatches. Unemployed till the next war.*"

And all over the house there was a clinking noise suggestive of pockets and purses.

The Miracle Man

WE were talking here the other day of witchcraft. How many people know, we wonder, that a man was once arrested for witchcraft for *having turned caterpillars into butterflies*.

Tip-Cat

THE M.P. who says he wants us to be a nation of fine old English gentlemen must be a woman-hater.

POETS are seldom logical. But occasionally some are, in appearance, zoological.

At a training college for clerks girls type in time to a gramophone. Are they hoping to break the record?

THE Prime Minister says he is a lion who has not yet learned how to roar. Otherwise he would have been a roaring success.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If rents are dear
in Cheapside

THE careless pedestrian, we are told, is a danger to the community. He might tread on a motor-car.

THE perfect Englishman is a happy blend of the provincial and the cockney. With a Scotch accent.

A GROWN-UP paper is telling its readers how to nurse green peas. The usual way is to take lessons from a smallholder.

ART is said to be a subject on which most people talk nonsense. They are so artless.

You can only learn music, it seems, by writing down a tune. We wish the lady who practises next door knew that.

Very Odd

THE British House of Lords is surely the oddest legislative body in the world, unless the American Senate is odder.

Nobody can ever guess what the Lords will do in their gilded chamber. Sometimes they discuss great questions with a gravity and experience that make the House of Commons look common by comparison. Then, when least expected, they strand themselves high and dry on a barren shore, leaving their House an object of pity.

Their last exploit in feebleness has been to hold the fort once more against women. The rights of British women to their due share in British institutions has been granted all round by all parties. Women can serve almost everywhere, and a woman may reign over the whole Empire. But the House of Lords turns its back on all the mothers of the nation. As fellow-helps it knows them not. It has just decided that once more by a majority of two votes. Odd, is it not?

The New Achilles

HERE I lie upon the beach
Just beyond the breaker's reach,

While my idle foot and hand
Fumble in the trickling sand,
Salt and sunburnt, wet and free,
Kings and queens might envy me.

MOTHER, who saved up to pay
For my seaside holiday,
Father, working all the year,
I am thankful to be here.

IN the ancient days of Troy,
When Achilles was a boy,
He was dipped in Styx, and rose
Proof against all mortal blows.
I am certain there must be
Magic in the English sea,
Granted for the hero's sake,
Raleigh, Nelson, Cook, and Drake;
And because of Shakespeare's love,
It has powers far above
Styx's water; not alone
Will it harden thew and bone,
But will make the very heart
Fit to play its English part,
Proof against a fear or lie,
Strong to live as heroes die.

THAT is why you drudge to pay
For my seaside holiday. J. B.

Why She Was Not Dismissed

By Our Country Girl

A PLAYWRIGHT has told of a farmer's wife who lived on Dartmoor, and said that if ever a poor convict were to escape she would not help the men who sought to drag him back to prison. When an escaped convict killed someone she loved, however, all pity left her, and she strained every nerve for his capture. What a difference it makes when a thing is done, not to others, but to you!

We know a woman who was able to rise above that spirit. She lived in Sussex. Her first child was a lusty baby boy, who was just beginning to walk, and who had a devoted nurse to care for him.

One day the woman left the nursery for some time. When she returned it was empty. She rushed to the window, and saw the child lying on the gravel path below. It is hard to imagine her anguish. She rushed down. He was alive.

Specialists were wired for, and X-ray apparatus. Although he had fallen thirty feet the child was absolutely uninjured. It was almost a miracle.

"But of course, you will dismiss her," said a neighbour to the mother. "It was criminal carelessness to leave him alone in the room."

"No, I shall not dismiss her," said the mother. "If she were dismissed for such a thing, how could she ever get another post?"

For Waking and Sleeping

Save us, O Lord, while waking, and defend us while sleeping; that when we are awake we may watch, and when we sleep we may rest in peace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

SINGAPORE CALLING

How the Other Half of the World is Getting On

KEEPING WATCH ON THE WORLD'S HEALTH

By Our Geneva Correspondent

Every week from far Singapore there comes a message to Geneva sent by one half of the world to tell the other half how it is getting on. Bombay, Borneo, Batavia, Calcutta, Hong Kong, Nagasaki, and a dozen other of the important ports of the East send accounts of themselves each week in answer to Geneva's question, "How are you?"

Every Saturday night the health bill of each port is made up: so many cases of small-pox, so many of cholera, so many deaths, and then one curious sentence: "Rats were examined and none (or some) were found infected." Rats, the carriers of deadly plague, are a terrible menace to these ports and there is a regular staff to examine them.

At Singapore the bureau set up by the League of Nations to keep watch on the health of the Far East collects these reports and sends them to Saigon, where is the great wireless station of Indo-China. The French Government to whom it belongs allows this station to broadcast these weekly bulletins throughout the East and to transmit them to Europe free of charge, and so they come to Geneva.

What Every Captain May Know

Here, in an office of the League Secretariat, they are received, and here too come the answers from European countries, from America, Australasia, and from such countries of Africa and Asia as have a service for collecting information. In the office these answers are all gathered together into one, and that is sent out by post, wire, and wireless to all the Government health services of the world.

By these messages, flashing from Far Eastern ports to Singapore, from Singapore to Saigon, from Saigon to Paris, and on to Geneva, then radiating from Geneva out again to all the corners of the Earth, knowledge of immense value is broadcast. It can be picked up by ships, collected from agencies at ports, obtained from every Government, and every captain can know whether the port which he is making for has a clean bill of health or not.

Thus another great rolling chain of helpfulness, binding the world more closely together, has been set in motion by the League.

A FLOATING FACTORY

Searching the Sea for Motor Fuel

The new motor fuel recently invented in America, and known as ethyl-gasoline, has proved a great success, and is now being manufactured in large quantities.

A curious position has been brought about through its discovery, as large quantities of bromine are required in its preparation, so much so that a world shortage is threatened. Bromine comes chiefly from the famous Stassfurt deposits in Germany, but there is a certain amount of it in sea water.

A floating factory has been made for the purpose of extracting bromine from the sea. This is a remarkable steamship which has been called The Ethyl. It will extract the bromine by a special process while at sea, producing, it is hoped, as much as 100,000 pounds of bromine a month.

This search for raw materials from the sea for providing power for industry is probably one of the most romantic developments of modern chemistry.

MUSIC TO SEE AND HEAR

The Sounds of Colour

A DANISH MUSICIAN'S DEVICE

Imagine a magic-lantern screen in a darkened hall.

It lights up suddenly as a note of music sounds with a cherry-pink glow thrown by a beam of light from the lantern. The notes of music follow one another trippingly, and, responsive to them as the twinkling feet of a dancer, new colours flicker and flutter and beat on the screen. The colour changes with the notes to primrose yellow, leaps to turquoise, fades to green, blending into chords of colour or striking single hues to the music's accompaniment. It is easy to believe that the coloured lights are tracking the piano through Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

Such is the Colour Music, as it is called, played by a Danish inventor. His instrument, the Clavilux, throws on the screen a colour appropriate to each note of the music, so that he may fairly claim that he is playing a melody in colours. It is a fascinating thing to watch, though in principle something very like it was shown in London just thirty years ago.

The idea also is fascinating, for among a very great number of people a colour is often associated in their consciousness with a sound. The flaw in the interpretation is that no two people ever agree on the same colour for the same sound, so that a colour-musician would always play his own compositions. Nevertheless, in a broad general way there are colours which affect the senses of large numbers of people in the same way. Red, for example, is necessary for cheerfulness in England; but blue is far commoner in France.

PANAMA CANAL AND ITS FUTURE

Proposal to Make it a Sea-level Waterway

OLD CONTROVERSY REVIVED

Before the Americans took over the rights of the French canal company in 1904 there was keen controversy among engineers over the rival plans for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama. In the end America decided in favour of a high-level canal involving locks of colossal proportions.

Despite the success of the canal with its elaborate system of lockage, the alternative plan of a waterway at sea-level still found supporters; and prominent among them was the French engineer M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who has been writing in its favour since 1892.

Slowly the idea has made its way in the United States, and early in this year M. Bunau-Varilla in a speech at Cincinnati created a sensation by his plan for converting the existing canal to a sea-level waterway. This, he declared, could be done without the loss of an additional dollar because of the immediate growth of revenue, and also without interrupting navigation for a single day. The speech made such an impression that it has been printed in the Congressional Record, the official publication of the United States.

By making use of the present waterway for transport of machinery, material, and so on, it is believed that in less than twenty years a waterway could be made 300 yards wide and affording unobstructed communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The surplus waters of the Chagres River and its tributaries would be carried in artificial channels by the side of the main canal to the Pacific.

THE WATER CLOCK

A Shop Window in the City

Curious crowds have lately been looking at a quaint old water clock in the shop window of a famous clock-maker in the City of London.

Water clocks were used thousands of years ago by the Chinese and Babylonians, and this one still keeps fairly good time, losing only about half an hour a day. That mattered very little in the old countries of the East, where time was not of high importance.

The shop where the clock is seen is called Webster's, and was established in 1711. It has remained in the same family ever since, and the head of the firm today is a charming and clever woman, Mrs. Webster, whose ancestor William Webster was apprenticed to Thomas Tompion, the father of English watchmaking, who died in 1713, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The Webster family learned all the secrets of Tompion, and bequeathed them from father to son through succeeding generations. But they never made water clocks, and are not likely to begin now.

OUR WORN-OUT HORSES

Belgian Help in Getting Reforms

Terrible stories are told of the cruelties practised on worn-out horses exported from Britain to the Continent for food, and C.N. readers know that a Committee has been formed to inquire whether further rules are necessary to prevent that sort of thing.

Horses no longer fit for work may not be exported alive, but it is asserted that many horses that look all right and are supposed to be wanted for work are really killed for food when they get to the other side, and are frightfully neglected while waiting for death.

Confirmation of these statements has been sent to the British Government by the Belgian Federation of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The animals, they say, are dreadfully knocked about on the voyage, especially in bad weather, and suffer from hunger and thirst till they are killed, while the killing is done by cruel and old-fashioned methods by people who do not understand the work.

Like the British Society, the Belgian memorial urges that a tax should be put on all horses exported alive below a certain value, so that it shall not be worth while to export any but valuable horses. Valuable horses are not ill-treated, as that would lessen their value.

A LITTLE TOWN DOING WELL

Bigger Ones Please Copy

A correspondent sends us some interesting facts of a town in Scotland which gave up all its public-houses in 1921.

Since it did this the rates of this town (Kirkintilloch in Dumbartonshire) have gone down from 6s. 9d. to 5s. 1d., though the town has had built 200 new houses. The consumption of milk has more than trebled since 1914, and the death-rate among babies has gone down by a half.

A remarkable fact is that nowadays the magistrates sometimes do not need to hold a court for six weeks, though in 1914 it was usual for courts to be held twice a week. The people are actually asking for the local police force to be reduced by a quarter.

The savings of the people and the prosperity of the town have gone up by leaps and bounds since 1921.

THE GOLDEN STAR

GIANT SUN THAT JOB SAW

Arcturus and its Envelope of Fiery Vapour

TRAVELLING ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

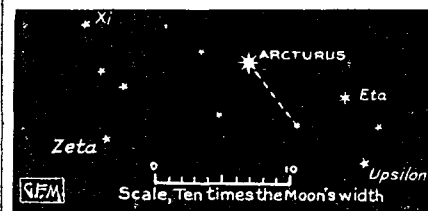
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

A beautiful golden star may be seen these summer evenings, a little way to the south of overhead—the famous Arcturus, one of the three brightest stars in the northern heavens.

The chief star in the constellation of Boötes, the Bear Driver or Herdsman, it will be readily identified with the aid of our star map.

Arcturus is referred to in the Book of Job and is sometimes called Job's star. Some thousands of years ago it is believed to have given its name to the whole constellation of Boötes, for 6000 years ago, when the North Pole of the Earth pointed to a different part of the heavens, this great constellation would have appeared to stand upright on the northern horizon, and extended upward to the North Pole of that period. This was near the star Iota of the Dragon, which was the Pole Star of those times.

Since then Arcturus has travelled a vast distance across the Universe and partly toward us all the time. At



The dotted line shows the distance and direction Arcturus will travel during the next 10,000 years

present this immense sun gets 1.44 miles nearer to us every minute. It is not approaching us direct, but travelling toward the south-west, with a very considerable proper motion, as astronomers call it—the actual motion of Arcturus itself, as distinct from the apparent motion due to our Earth.

Although, in the course of a lifetime, Arcturus still appears to be in the same place in relation to all the rest of the so-called "fixed" stars, the precise measurements of astronomers have shown that in the course of a thousand years Arcturus moves across the sky a distance almost equal to the apparent width of the Moon—about half a degree.

So, 100,000 years ago, Arcturus would have been near to where Vega is now, as seen from our position in space. Now Vega is about as high up in the east as Arcturus is in the south at 11 p.m., and is the brightest star there. About 92,000 years ago Arcturus would have been the Pole Star of the heavens, for, owing to the precessional movement of the poles of the Earth's axis, a great imaginary circle is traced in the sky, the diameter of which extends from where the Pole Star is now to almost as far as Vega.

Measuring a Distant Star

If Arcturus continues on its present course across the heavens, it will appear to be where Spica is now in 75,000 years.

Trigonometric measurements indicate that Arcturus is 2,800,000 times as far distant as our Sun, and that its light has taken 43 years to reach us. It is one of the stars that have recently been measured by the Interferometer, which reveals it as a colossal sun, between 17 and 21 million miles in diameter, according to different calculations.

The distance of Arcturus has proved difficult to measure; some measurements place it much nearer. Though a giant sun its atmospheric envelope, composed of the fiery vapours of the metals we are familiar with, is very much like our Sun's, hence the golden yellow light of great Arcturus.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening, Venus and Mars north-west. Saturn south, Jupiter south-east after 11 p.m.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

What Has Happened Before

Christopher Curwell, who is ordered a complete change of air and scene in a cold climate, goes with his sister and two brothers for a long holiday in Arctic Canada, Ole Oleson acting as guide.

In Victoria Island the party stops at an Eskimo village. While the men and boys are hunting seals Tom falls through a hole in the ice.

Meanwhile, Ellen is being threatened by the Eskimo women, who are incited by an old witch woman.

CHAPTER 13 Ellen in Danger

ANEROK, who had sat down on an ice crag to watch his friend's progress in seal hunting, saw Tom disappear through the ice. Instantly leaping to his feet, he ran at top speed toward the hole. Before he reached it he saw the boy rise to the surface of the black water and grasp desperately at the ice. It broke away in his hand.

"Get hold of my spear!" cried the Eskimo, and laid the long hunting implement across the seal-hole.

Tom caught it, and knowing that it would break under his entire weight, kept himself afloat partly by moving his benumbed legs about in the water, and moved himself cautiously toward the edge of the ice. Here Anerok, who had lain down flat, got his hands, and, though the thin edges of the ice continually broke under his body, with the Eskimo's help Tom finally scrambled on to the surface.

"Well!" he exclaimed inadequately, as he stood up on his numbed and trembling legs.

"Put on some of my clothes quickly, and we will run back to the village, or you will freeze solid!" said Anerok urgently.

Away in the distance the boys could see two specks that might be Timothy and Christopher, hunting serenely, unconscious of their brother's danger. A warning numbness in his legs made Tom reluctantly heed the Eskimo's advice. He set his teeth and started for the village on stiff and painful limbs.

Arrived finally at Anerok's house, they found a warm fire, and with the Eskimo's help Tom soon had off his frozen garments and put on some fur things of his friend's.

This done, and having drunk some hot seal broth that Anerok took from the stove, he felt himself again and looked rather sheepishly at his friend.

"I've given you no end of trouble, haven't I?" he said, expecting a lecture.

But Anerok only smiled and shook his head.

"You will learn. But do not forget that the ice is slippery, and you cannot hold a big seal that is sliding down it unless you yourself have something to hold on to. Now go tell your sister you are well, while I go back for the ice pick and gun."

As soon as the Eskimo boy had gone, Tom went out into the village street in search of his sister. The place seemed deserted. No women were in sight, only a few small children playing with some shaggy puppies.

Tom went to the white men's house and found it empty, and after some wandering came to the house of Anak, at the end of the street. Here he thought he heard voices issuing through the low door, and, going down on his hands and knees, he crawled in.

A strange sight met his eyes.

Ellen, white and shaking, stood in the midst of a group of women whose faces and gestures were threatening. At the other end of the room the old shaman, like a dark fury, stood foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Kill the white turnrak!" she screamed. "She has stolen your needles! She will steal all your treasures and throw them into the sea. She will cause a blight to fall on your children and they will die! Kill her!"

Tom's first impulse was to run to his sister and face her persecutors with her.

"Steady, old Thomas!" he cautioned himself. "You'll be more use if you know what it's all about!"

He noticed that several of the women held long steel needles in their hands, and kept looking at them as if to make sure they had not vanished.

"What's the row?" he thought. "Ellen has a whole packet of needles like that at home; she doesn't want yours."

Then the whole thing dawned on him, and, as no one yet seemed to have noted his presence in the doorway, he backed carefully out and ran through the village to his own house. Here he took several of Ellen's needles from her case, and with a peculiar smile on his face took also a small bit of her cherished toilet soap.

Then he ran back and entered the other house, quietly as before. Here he found things less turbulent, for the old shaman had for the moment subsided and Anak was speaking.

"How can you be sure the white woman has bewitched the needle? Perhaps it is only lost."

"No, no! I have searched! It is gone!" wailed the needle's owner.

"Then search the white girl. If she has it on her she is guilty!" suggested Anak peaceably.

The shaman spoke up hurriedly at this.

"That is no use!" she exclaimed. "The turnrak will have made it invisible. If you touch her she will make you fall dead."

The women surged away from Ellen.

"I will make a journey to the Moon," continued the old witch, "and ask the spirits there what has become of the precious needle. And whatever they tell me will be true!" she added with emphasis.

"There's no doubt what your spirits will tell you, old lady," reflected Tom sardonically, as, with his plan in mind, he began to crawl round the dim edges of the room toward where the shaman stood.

Two of the women now ran to the window and covered it with a thick skin. The lamp was extinguished, and the room was in twilight. Two others took a long thong of plaited caribou hide and began to tie the shaman. She was placed in the middle of the floor, and a piece of the rope passed under her knees and over her neck, and drawn tight so that she could not move. The end of the rope, to which a sharp piece of rock was tied, was placed in her hands, which had been left free.

All the women sat down quietly and shut their eyes tight. Ellen had sat with the others, but kept her eyes open. Anak leaned toward her.

"If you do not close your eyes, white girl," she said, in friendly fashion, "the stone will fly out and blind you. The shaman does not allow anyone to watch her fly to the Moon."

"Because she does not go!" responded Ellen, in disgust; but she realised it would be better to close her eyes, for if the shaman saw them open she might very well let fly the stone at her.

The kindly old Anak tried to be comforting.

"If you have not taken the needle the man in the Moon or his wife will tell her so," she said, "for they know all things."

The shaman began to mutter. "I feel as light as a feather. I

am going to the Moon. The man in the Moon and his wife look down and call to me. They have something to tell me. It is something evil that has happened. I am floating upward. I am flying—"

A whizzing noise was heard. Tom, who, of course, was watching everything from his corner, saw the shaman whirling the stone at the end of the rope. She spoke now in a shrill, far-away voice, like a ventriloquist.

"Now I am rising above your heads. Now I am floating above you. Now I go through the window. Death to anyone who opens her eyes till I return from the moon."

The whizzing sound died away as if in the distance.

Tom had crawled close behind the shaman. Her head was bound tightly to her knees, but her bright little eyes flickered from woman to woman of the company before her, as she sat absolutely still for a space.

Tom wondered why none of the women peeped. But they were too well convinced of the shaman's deadly power to do that. The mother of the little girl held her hands tightly over the child's eyes. Even Ellen kept her eyes closed, a faint ironic smile on her white face. She knew the old woman was watching her, and waited quietly for what was to happen next.

At last the whizzing noise began again, faintly at first, then growing louder. The women closed their eyes more tightly and rocked back and forth.

"I am coming back through the window," wailed the shaman. "I have been to the Moon and there heard terrible tidings."

She gnashed her teeth, working herself up into a rage.

"Now I am again on the floor. Light the lamps and hear what the man in the Moon has told me."

The women hurried to light the seal lamps and take down the skin from the window. They untied the shaman. She leapt to her feet wildly. Tom had covered himself with a bear skin in a far corner.

"Woe! Woe!" she screamed. "When I came to the Moon I found the man and his wife weeping. What is the matter? I asked. They wept a long time before they told me. We love your people, they said at last, and they are doomed. Wicked spirits have come from under the ground, coloured like the snow. They will bring sickness on your children so that they will die! They will take the hunting spears from your men and the sewing needles from your women, so that you will die from cold and hunger, for they will cast them to the bottom of the sea."

The women in the house began

to wail at this, rocking themselves back and forth on the ground.

"Therefore, said the kindly turnrak of the Moon to me, save your people before it is too late. Dig a hole in the deep-sea ice and cast them down where they came from. Begin with the snow woman. And you, shaman, say many incantations over the hole, that they may stay there. And let the people observe the taboos they have forgotten, and do honour to their shaman."

"Oh, no you don't!" Tom, under his bear skin, spoke humorously to himself, as he made preparations for the plan he had decided upon. "I've tried that hole in the ice business, and I don't like it. Ellen wouldn't either, I believe, so you must please excuse us!"

"Yow!" screamed the old shaman, beside herself. "Kill the snow woman with the copper hair. If you wish to save your children, kill her!"

"My turn!" shouted Tom at that moment, as he threw the bear skin aside, and jumped to his feet. He gave the old shaman a slight push as he did so, which, taking her completely by surprise, threw her into a sitting position on the floor.

CHAPTER 14 Tom Turns Wizard

TOM was a sight to behold. A white foam ran down from his lips, his eyes glared, and his red hair, that had not been cut for months, stood upright on his head.

"Yow wowie!" he shrieked, while the women cowered back, and Ellen, in the reaction from her fear, stifled with laughter. "Yow wowie! Yow wowie! Yow wowie! I'm the great high panjandrum of the Moon. This old lady didn't get any farther than Saturn."

"He's mixed his distances," thought Ellen irrelevantly, "but no worse than the shaman did."

"And what's more," continued Thomas, at the top of his voice, "I'm dangerous! This lady"—he changed to Eskimo, and pointed at Ellen—"this lady who does you the honour to visit you is the great high panjandrumess!" He bowed low to his sister. "Take care that you do not offend us! What is it you have lost? A paltry needle?" The boy swooped down on the bewildered shaman, who had not been able to utter a word, seeing her thunder thus stolen, and lifted up the loose sleeve of her tunic. Under the astonished eyes of the women he took therefrom a needle, and handed it with another bow to the woman who had lost hers.

"And what's more," he shouted, "she's been holding out on you!"

The shaman was too stunned to make any resistance as the boy, having pulled her to her feet, twirled her round and round, taking from her hair, her collar, her sleeves, more needles, and presenting them to the women.

"Oh, Tom!" gasped Ellen, trying to keep her face as solemn as the occasion warranted, but bursting with laughter.

Thomas was not really very clever at sleight-of-hand, but the Eskimos, bred to credulity, were not hard to impose upon.

When he had given the needles to those of the women who had seemed best disposed toward Ellen during her recent difficulties, two to Anak, he left the discomfited shaman, and took his sister's hand.

"Come on, Nell," he whispered. "Let's get out of this. It's going to be an awful anti-climax, though, crawling out through the door. Perhaps we'd better fly through the window."

"Tom, you idiot!" came from the girl; "I think you've saved my life. But don't let us attempt to fly through the window."

"Then we'll go through the house!" Tom decided, in high spirits; and without another word he rushed at the snow wall and pushed his way through it, helping his sister out with a low bow.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Tamer's Hand

OLD Mr. Wynne Williams, the clergyman, came from a walk among the Welsh mountains carrying something very carefully.

"Boys, boys!" he called. "I have brought you a fresh pet to look after."

"O, father, not another queer animal!" said his daughter.

"We cannot have too many," said her three sons, Hugh, Owen, and David. "What is it that you have found, Grandfather?"

"A pretty grass-snake, half dead among the bracken," said the old gentleman. "See what you can do for it, boys."

Old Mr. Wynne was very fond of all sorts of animals, and had a wonderful way with them. He could get birds from the woods to eat out of his hand, and he could stroke a savage, biting horse or dog with safety.

His grandsons shared his love of queer pets, and his gift of dealing with them.

Mr. Snake, limp and unprotesting, was laid in warm flannel in a basket by the fire, and stroked with caressing hands.

A saucer of warm milk was offered to him, which he accepted gratefully; then he returned to nestle down in his blanket.

Sad to relate, though the snake thrived at first in his new dwelling, he fell sick again.

Whether he received too much kindness, or the food did not suit him, or whether the wild mountain side was really a better home for him than the warm hearth, nobody knew.

He had become a great favourite with the boys, and skilled help was called in.

"Walk into the kitchen, Mr. Price-Jones," said the Grandfather to the veterinary surgeon. "You will find the snake lying sick and sluggish by the fire."

Mr. Price-Jones walked in; he paused and looked at the patient. Sorry for himself as the patient was, he was yet alive enough to rear a blunt head above his coils, and hiss a fierce defiance of the stranger.

In two bounds Mr. Price-Jones was out of the room.

"My gracious goodness me! Mr. Wynne Williams, what kind of a creature is this you have asked me to treat, whatever?"

"Only a harmless grass-snake," the clergyman replied.

"No, no!" said the other. "It is the biggest, blackest, most poisonous adder that ever I have set eyes on, and I have seen plenty."

"Are you sure?" asked the clergyman aghast. "But I have let the children treat it like a pet. They twine it round their arms; they can do anything with it."

"Ah, but then you see," said Mr. Price-Jones, "your grandsons evidently have the same gift as yourself, the tamer's hand."

There is a queer end to this story. The boys refused to part with the adder. Its poison fangs were regularly drawn, and it stayed on as a family pet.

Ask Mother to buy you the

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Sweetly Shines the Evening Sun in His Departing Hour

D! MERRYMAN

"WHAT insect lives on the least food?" asked the teacher.

"The moth," came the answer promptly from the bright boy of the class. "It eats holes."

□ □ □

A Built-Up Word

FIFTY-FIVE, and vowels three,
Rightly placed, you soon will see,

Birth and rank and royalty,
All are found where I may be.

Answer next week

□ □ □

Is Your Name Palmer?

A PALMER was a man who had made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and the ancestor of people with this name was no doubt given the name for the reason mentioned.

□ □ □

Wasted Energy

THE farmer, who had just engaged a new hand, took him to a field and started him ploughing with two horses.

Two hours later the new man returned to the house looking utterly exhausted. The farmer asked him how he was getting along.

"I'm not getting along at all," snapped the man disgustedly. "How do you expect me to hold a plough with two big, strong horses trying to pull it away from me all the time?"

□ □ □

The Put-It-Off

MY friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blossoms the Wait-a-while flower fair,
Where the Sometime-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easys grow?

It lies in the valley of What's-the-use;

In the province of Let-us-slide;
That tired feeling is native there;
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,
Where the Put-it-offs abide.

□ □ □

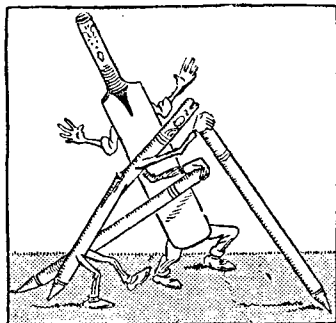
A Crumb of Comfort

"MR. CHAIRMAN," exclaimed the politician indignantly, stopping in his speech; "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much noise and interruption that I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, gov'nor," came a voice from the back of the hall; "you aren't missing much."

□ □ □

Come-Alive Characters



The wicket bowled out

"WHY, how is this?" the Bat inquired.

"You seem to walk in pain. What brought you to a crippled state?"

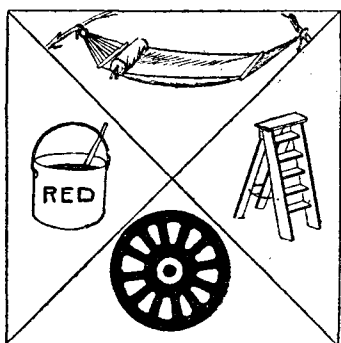
I beg you to explain."

"I got a crack," said Middle Stump, "And someone shouted Out! So now I have to use two sticks Whene'er I get about!"

WHY should you ride a bucking horse if you wish to get rich? Because you are no sooner on than you are better off.

□ □ □

A Picture Puzzle



When the names of the objects shown in this sketch are discovered, two consecutive letters from each name will spell the name of a favourite Zoo animal.

Solution next week

□ □ □

WHAT is it that holds water although it is full of holes?

A sponge.

□ □ □

A Painful Possibility

HISSED a Viper, "There are, without doubt,

Many cases of toothache about.

In my best poison fang

I just now felt a pang—

What a shame if it has to come out!"

□ □ □

A Jar for Mama

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Ma says orange peel is good for making marmalade."

FATHER: "So it is. It is wrong to throw it away on the pavement."

LITTLE JOHNNY: "Yes. Mama says if I do she might slip on it and fall down."

FATHER: "Of course she might. And then you would get mama-laid!"

□ □ □

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first, some affirm, belongs only to youth,

But of this there is not one iota of truth,

Inasmuch as the aged are as guilty at times

As the young; and commit quite as terrible crimes.

My second to various uses is brought

After due preparation, of course,

which, in short,

Is essential, or else it could never be made

Into all kinds of articles needed in trade.

My third is the name of a river, which you

Must have read of in volumes and maps not a few.

The initials of these three small words will explain

What those wish for who play with their might and their main.

Solution next week

□ □ □

WHY is a girl mending her stockings an extraordinary sight?

Because her hands are where her feet should be.

□ □ □

Very Clever

AN ignorant man while writing a letter wanted to use the word

"coffee," and he wrote down "kauphy." Thus he performed

the remarkable feat of spelling the word without one of the letters being correct.

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Reversed Word: Evil, live

An Arithmetical Problem

Two (Ive Two) nty=Twenty

Who Was He?

The Gallant King was Henry V

Jacko Has the Chance of a Lifetime

MRS. JACKO was wild when the cakes didn't turn up in time for a very special tea-party she was giving. She sent Jacko off post-haste to fetch them.

Of course, Jacko was delighted to go, for it meant a short train journey to the next town. But he had to hurry up, because the train was due to leave in five minutes' time.

Jacko enjoyed the journey very much. He was particularly interested in a large fat gentleman who sat in the opposite corner. He had a silk handkerchief over his face, and was snoring peacefully away underneath it.

And he didn't even wake up when they came to the next station and Jacko hopped out. He slept for quite a long time after that, and when he woke up at last, he was furious to find he had gone past his station. And he was also annoyed to find that he had lost a very precious card.

It was a precious card, too. Jacko had picked it up on the floor of the railway carriage, and fairly danced with joy when he



They were rather surprised when they saw Jacko

found what was on it. It was an invitation to visit a local jam factory, and taste their different kinds of jam!

"Coo! Here's a go!" said Jacko. And the moment he got out of the train he rushed off to the jam factory, clean forgetting all about poor Mrs. Jacko's cakes.

The people at the jam factory were rather surprised when they saw Jacko. It appeared that they were expecting somebody very important to taste the jam, and there were all sorts of tempting little jars laid out in readiness.

But when Jacko produced the card they couldn't say anything; in fact, they thought he must be the famous Mr. Taster. "Though he does look very young," they said.

They were even more surprised when Jacko began to taste the jam. He finished the first jar, and then went on to the second, and the third. He was half-way through the fourth when the real Mr. Taster arrived, very hot and flustered, because he had gone past his station and had to catch another train back.

Of course, it was the fat gentleman Jacko had seen in the train. He had a good deal to say to Jacko. So had the jam factory people. And so had Mrs. Jacko when the cakes arrived much too late for the party!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Tiny Bank

The Seamen's Church Institute, which does such a wonderful work for the sailors in the great American seaports, has one branch of its activities of which it is particularly proud.

It is a little 12 feet by 10 feet basement bank near the New York waterfront, where the men from the ships are encouraged to deposit their savings before they squander them ashore. In the past eleven years over a million and a quarter pounds of seamen's wages has thus been deposited. These men represent 67 foreign countries, and in 1924 the institution transferred funds for over 2000 of them to their relatives in fifty different countries.

Scores of sailors have now got quite comfortable nest-eggs for their old age and, all in all, the tiny bank has really filled a great need.

Une Banque Minuscule

Le Seamen's Church Institute, dont l'œuvre de bien-faisance est si appréciée des marins dans les grands ports de l'Amérique, est tout particulièrement fier d'une de ses succursales.

C'est une petite banque, longue de 12 pieds et large de 10, dans un sous-sol situé près du littoral de New-York, où l'on encourage les hommes des équipages à placer leurs économies avant de les gaspiller à terre. Au cours des onze dernières années il a été placé ainsi plus d'un million et quart de livres sterling représentant la paie des marins. Ces hommes sont issus de 67 pays étrangers, et, en 1924, la banque a transmis des fonds appartenant à plus de 2000 d'entre eux à leurs parents dans cinquante pays différents.

Des vingtaines de marins ont actuellement des magots suffisants pour leur vieillesse et, somme toute, la banque minuscule a vraiment satisfait un grand besoin.

Tales Before Bedtime

Jack and Jill

JOHN and Geraldine were always called Jack and Jill, but they never went up the hill to fetch a pail of water because they lived in a town in a house where there were lots of taps.

But their Aunt Agnes lived in the country, and her old-fashioned cottage had no taps at all, only a pump.

The water from the pump was very nice for cooking and washing and watering the garden; but when Aunt Agnes wanted drinking water she had to fetch it in a pail from the spring at the top of the hill behind her cottage, and when Jack and Jill went to stay with her they thought this great fun.

"We'll go and fetch the water, Aunt Agnes," they said.

"But will Jack fall down and break his crown, and Jill come tumbling after?" said their aunt, laughing.

"No, no; we won't, Aunt Agnes!" they cried indignantly. "Do let us go!"

So every morning they climbed the hill, carrying the pail between them, and then down again they came without spilling one single drop.

"And it's worth the trouble," said Jill, "because spring water tastes so much nicer than tap water."

The day before they went home, Aunt Agnes said, "Come upstairs, dears. I'm going to make you look pretty before you go to the spring."

And they all went upstairs to the attic.

Then Aunt Agnes opened an old box and got out the quaintest clothes for them.

Jack had a short little coat and a frill round his neck, and Aunt Agnes said that



They looked so quaint

the coat was the very same that great-grandfather wore once upon a time. Jill had a flowery bonnet and the dearest little apron you ever saw.

"There, off you go with your pail," said Aunt Agnes; and off they went.

But they had no idea how quaint they looked until a week afterwards, when Aunt Agnes sent them the little snap-shot photograph she had taken, on which she had written:

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of water.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 13, 1925

Every Thursday 2d.

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WOODEN HOUSES · THE NEW YOKOHAMA · BRITISH SEA SCOUTS IN SPAIN



Solving the Housing Problem—Six workmen accomplished a remarkable feat the other day by taking only twelve hours to build this comfortable-looking house. Starting at six o'clock in the morning, they had the roof ready for tiling at two o'clock, and the house was finished by six in the evening. Here we see the roofing hoists being fitted at midday



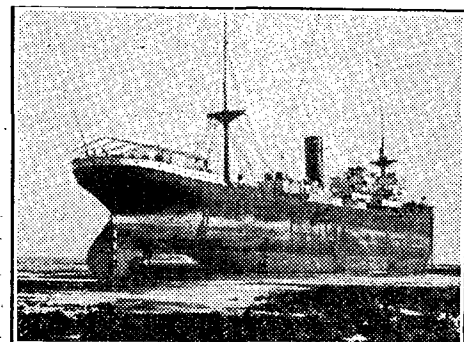
Yokohama Rises from Its Ruins—Japan, the land of earthquakes, has been suffering from another series of shocks, as indicated on our World Map. She has a wonderful power of recovery, however, and here we see the official opening of the port of Yokohama, which suffered so terribly in the last great disaster. The people are wearing gala dress and armour



Amundsen in the Arctic—Here are Captain Amundsen (on the right) and Captain Ellsworth, who went with him on his flight to the Pole



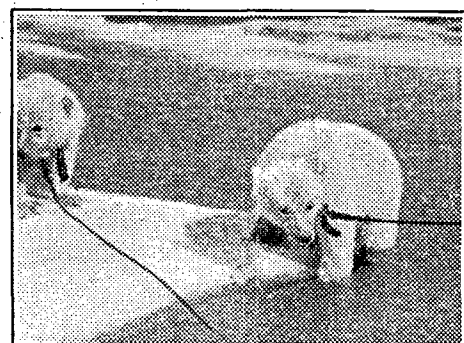
Three in a Boat—Nothing is more delightful at this time of year than a day on a picturesque river like the Thames, which this summer is being thronged by all kinds of craft. These three happy children at Richmond are having a good time



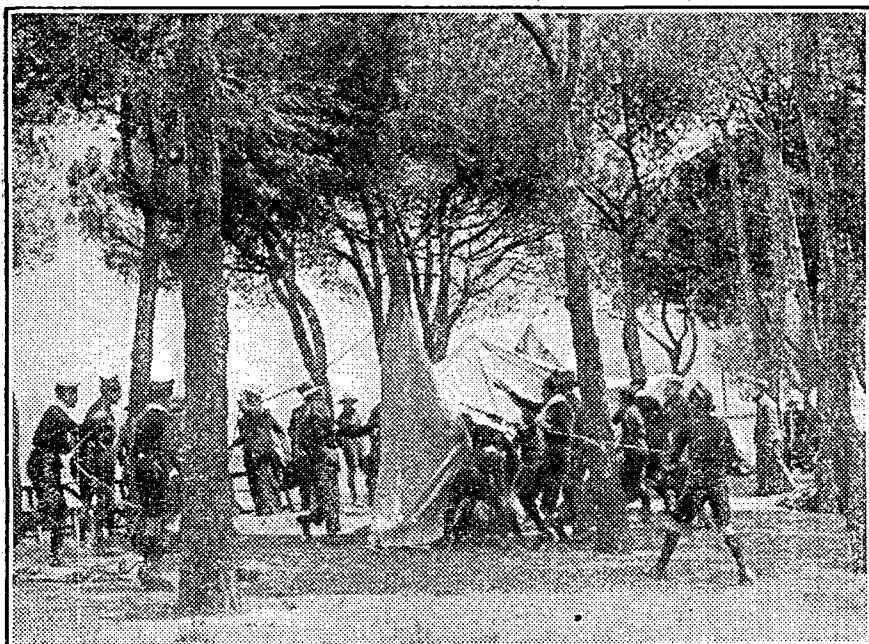
A Steamer on the Rocks—The new steamer Glenluce, which left the Clyde for her trials lately, ran ashore at Kinnaird Head in Aberdeenshire



The Seals Enjoy the Sun—These seals at the London Zoo do not mind hot weather and appear to be thoroughly enjoying the sunshine



Two Little Bears—These polar bear cubs which were caught by Eskimos are being reared among their native surroundings in Arctic Canada



British Scouts in Spain—In this picture we see a party of British Sea Scouts who have gone to visit the Spanish Sea Scouts Association pitching their tents with the aid of their hosts



A Quiet Spot in Central London—This happy picture was taken in the Thames Embankment Gardens in London, where the warm weather has made open-air tea parties very popular

THE SEVEN FACES OF LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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R.R.

Children's Newspaper

The Nature Map of the British Isles
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A MAN WHO INSPIRED SHAKESPEARE

See
Page
Seven

PANDORA'S BOX AND WHAT CAME OUT OF IT

A Jolly Little Thing that
Happened in a Farmyard

WHAT A C.N. READER SAW

For hundreds of years people have spoken of Pandora's Box, but never before have we heard of a dog keeping one; and no one would have been more surprised than Pandora.

Pandora lived long ago somewhere in Greece: Mr. Collie is alive today and lives in a farmyard in Sussex.

One day Pandora was married to a man called Epimetheus, and for a wedding present Jupiter gave her a box of curiosities and told her she must not open it, which was very unfair of Jupiter. The day came when Pandora did open the box, and many unpleasant things came buzzing out which would have been much better shut up; among them came a little fairy called Hope, which it would have been a great pity to keep shut up any longer. But that is an old story. Now for Mr. Collie's box.

Miss Somebody (who reads the C.N. and therefore wrote to tell us all about it) was standing one day in the farmyard, looking about and watching the wind blow the apple blossom over the orchard fence, when there was a movement in the doorway of Mr. Collie's kennel. Out came a clucking hen.

"Hallo," says Miss Somebody, "what are you doing there? Good thing Mr. Collie hasn't seen you."

"Cluck, cluck," said Mrs. Hen, and that was all she said.

The Procession

A minute later, out came a kitten, and she ran round and round and tried to catch her tail. Before she had finished catching it, out of Mr. Collie's kennel came a little terrier.

"Hallo," says Miss Somebody, "good thing Mr. Collie hasn't seen you."

"Yap-yap," said the terrier, and that was all he said.

Miss Somebody was watching him chase the kitten, when there was another movement in the doorway of Mr. Collie's kennel, and out came a little white lamb with a black smudge on her nose and four black feet.

"Hallo," says Miss Somebody, "good thing Mr. Collie hasn't seen you!"

"Ba-ba-ba," said the lamb, and that was all she said.

Just then came a big bark.

"Was anyone speaking about me?" And out of the kennel came Mr. Collie himself, the last of the procession. He lay down in the sunlight and rolled and blinked.

"I shall call you Pandora in future," says Miss Somebody. "You have the nicest Pandora's Box I ever saw."

"Bow-wow," said Mr. Collie, and that was all he said.

Young India on Old Wheels



This little man in an Indian village is very proud of his old tricycle, the envy of all his companions as he goes wheeling about on this relic of the last generation

THE FROG THAT IS HARD TO KILL

ONCE again our old friend the frog that was sealed in the rock a million years ago has come out into the open.

This time he was blasted out in New South Wales. The workmen who were digging the foundations for a new hospital near Sydney prised open a block of rock, and there, ten feet from the surface, as if carefully put away in a foundation-stone, sat the frog alive and blinking! The workmen said it was about the size of a five-shilling piece, and scaly.

Fortunately the frog's antecedents were on this occasion referred to a geologist, Sir Edgeworth David, who knows a good deal about rocks and excavations, and has found many rare things in his time, among them being the South Magnetic Pole. What Professor David has to say about live frogs in excavations carries weight.

What he did say was what the C.N. has explained several times—that it is not uncommon to find live frogs in limestone rocks in this way, because it is quite likely that the spawn of a frog living on the surface might be carried down by water through a tiny crevice in the rock.

When the spawn was hatched there would be some acid oozing from the body of the tadpole, and this, with the help of a little water, would be enough to dissolve some of the surrounding limestone and make a tiny cave big enough for the tadpole to live in. More water coming down would keep the tadpole alive till it grew into a frog, and would at the same time enlarge its cave dwelling.

The best proof that each and every frog found in this odd way had not been there long is that all of them are frogs of the kind which live today. Not one of them is a frog of the geological past.

ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED

How a Fisherman Took It

THE SOMETHING THAT
WAS WORKING THAT DAY

At Typhoon Corner, off Iceland, there are two hundred days of storm in a year. During one of them, while the gale was driving the steam-drifter Honoria bow under, a deck-hand leapt overboard to save the mate whom a heavy sea had swept over the stern into the waves.

There is the story baldly told. But the Grimsby fishermen, who know what the Atlantic is like in storm and learn day by day what danger is, do not tell it like that. "When young Duncan Souter jumped overboard after Harry Lee," they said, "we thought the lad was mad."

"Why, there wasn't one chance in a hundred in that gale and sea that Souter would ever get to him. And if he did get to him there was more than hundreds to one against our ever picking the pair up. We ran for lifebelts and lines. What else could we do?"

A Miracle of Seamanship

"Ah, but there was something working for them both that day! Souter, he got to the old man and he stuck to him, and he held him up for twenty minutes, he did. And our skipper, the way he handled the ship was a miracle. We could all see the two, and Harry Evans, that's our skipper, got us to within fifty feet and held the Honoria there."

"Then we chucked lines at them, and one of us, Sobey it was, managed to land his line with a grapnel at the end of it between the two where they floated. A lucky bit that was. We just hooked them, as it were, and dragged them alongside and snatched them from the sea."

"Old Harry Lee, the mate (he's close on sixty), seemed as if he was dead. Massaged him and pumped his arms for two hours, we did, before he moved. But half an hour afterwards he all but sat up. We landed him in Iceland and left him."

"As for Souter, he was young and strong, and though you'd have thought he was like to faint from exhaustion, he was all right in half an hour, and helped us to revive Lee. A good man is Souter."

And so say all of us.

THE BIG BLACK PIGS

The breeding of big black pigs is of such importance in this country that a society exists for their cultivation.

So urgent is the need for improving the means of marking these pigs that special attention is drawn to it in a newly-issued journal devoted to inventions. A machine is wanted with which the farmer can quickly tattoo the ears of the pig with an identification mark, and inventors are earnestly desired to turn their attention to such an instrument. A machine for tattooing black pigs' ears may sound a funny thing, but there is a modest fortune for the man who is lucky enough to invent it.

CHINA'S TROUBLES GROWING

MISCHIEF MAKERS AT WORK

Wrong-Headed Students who Would Drive Out the Foreigner

WORLD'S INTEREST IN DISORDER

The cause of the serious outbreak of disorder in China, led by students, is not easy to understand fully from this distance. Three causes, at least, are concerned; but in what proportions, and how they are combined, remains doubtful.

First, there has been a strike of an industrial character, affecting many businesses in the city of Shanghai. Then came an outburst of violence in which Chinese students were very busy, and which was mixed up with the traditional Chinese objection to the presence and ways of foreigners. It seems to have had as its aim the changing of the past and present relations between all foreign nations and China—that is, it has been revolutionary as far as Chinese foreign affairs are concerned. And under all this unrest there has been the deliberate mischief planned and supported by Russian Bolsheviks, and bragged about openly in Russia, but denied where it suits Russia's aims to deny it.

Destruction of Property

With the strike this country has no concern. It is no business of ours, and we cannot judge its merits or absence of merits. What does concern the world, and more particularly all the sea-going commercial nations, is that property should not be wantonly destroyed because there is a business dispute. For Shanghai business property, to a very large extent, is foreign property, and by arrangements between the Chinese Government and foreign Governments the foreign quarters have their own special means of defence. They police their own quarters, and have a system of volunteer defence.

Unfortunately the Chinese Government is too weak to keep order anywhere. But for foreign supervision, chiefly British, American, and Japanese, anything might happen in Shanghai, and that supervision is only available at a few points on the coast. Inland, all non-Chinese people are at the mercy of the mob if racial frenzy is once let loose.

Disappointing the World

The present state of things is disappointing to all the world. It has been assumed of late that, although China is so helpless in self-government, there has been a growing intelligence which may lead her, with the help of foreign nations, to right what is wrong. But in Shanghai, where contact with the outer nations has been long and close, we see the student class claiming the right to be destructive, making self-defence by foreigners a national grievance, and pandering to the ancient policy of throwing out "the foreigner" and shutting the door against mankind. Of course, such a mad movement is doomed, but how dense must be the ignorance that supposes it is possible!

Ample protection can be given by the different navies to the centres where China meets the world in trade, but the echoes from such disturbances as have been promoted in Shanghai will carry a sense of danger far and wide in China, and will impede the kind of good work that is needed for the redemption of the Chinese people from confusion, violence, and corruption.

FLAMMARION

A Famous Name in Astronomy

ODD STORY OF HOW HE SETTLED DOWN

With the passing of Camille Flammarion, the aged French astronomer, was snapped a link which bound the star-gazers of to-day with that great mathematician,



M. Flammarion

Leverrier, who was one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune, and who was Director of the Paris Observatory when Flammarion entered it as a boy of sixteen.

Flammarion's connection with Leverrier was not a happy one, for that distinguished but autocratic man thought him an idler, and one night dismissed him from the Observatory. But Flammarion found mathematical work elsewhere of a dull, but afterwards of a profitable kind, and eventually was able to set up an observatory of his own at Juvisy, where for the rest of his life he sought and found the companionship of the stars.

There is a double meaning in that, for he was one of the early balloonists; but he did honest and lasting work for astronomy, and a minor planet is named after him. Perhaps his best title to be remembered is that for many years he wrote about the heavens, and especially about the planet Mars, with such freshness and poetry that he made hundreds of thousands of readers all over the world follow him in the search of celestial wonders.

The Neglected Letters

Very interesting is the story of Flammarion's observatory at Juvisy. One day he received a long letter in Alexandrine verse, beginning with *Illustrious Master*. The signature was unknown to him, and seeing in the first dozen lines nothing but rhetorical laudation he threw the letter away without reading the rest of it.

A few months later came another missive in the same handwriting, this time, however, addressed to *Dear Master*, and the praise was couched in prose. Again Flammarion just glanced at the letter and threw it away. A further letter from the same hand began with the cold *Dear Sir*, but as it was still long it got no more consideration than the others.

Finally came a brief note: *Sir, you are discourteous. Three times I, as an admirer, have offered you as a gift the park and mansion which I own at Juvisy. You have never answered. I demand that you at once telegraph me, Yes or No.* Flammarion wired "Yes," and that was how he was able to settle down at Juvisy.

A FINE MOVEMENT

Reserves for the Boys Brigade

The Boys Brigade, which has as its aims the forming of a company of the elder scholars in connection with every Sunday-school, and the carrying on of such training as will promote Christian feeling, obedience, reverence, discipline, and self-respect, is making an effort to strengthen its junior organisation, called the Boy Reserves.

The Reserves must be Sunday-school scholars from 9 to 12. They have a suitable uniform, games, physical exercises, and such training as will fit them to join the Brigade when they are 12 years old.

A MYSTERY OF THE CLOUDS

Something that Never Happened Before

AND IS NOT LIKELY TO HAPPEN AGAIN

To the long roll of those who have been killed in the clouds must be added the names of Flight-Sergeant Frank Lowry, whose death was of so strange a kind that it seemed to add a new peril to the risks of flight.

Flying Officer Smith, who was flying the plane while Sergeant Lowry was working the wireless, noticed first a smell of burning rubber, and then smoke coming out from the cockpit where Lowry was. He spoke to him and had no answer. He leaned over to call him, and Lowry collapsed in the cockpit.

The flying officer planed swiftly to earth. A doctor was sent for, other officers came, remedies were tried. All was of no avail. Lowry was dead. So sudden and mysterious a death seemed at first inexplicable, and in search of a solution someone suggested that he must have been killed by a discharge of atmospheric electricity—unperceived by the flying officer and imperceptible in any damage to the plane.

A Simple Explanation

If that had been credible, then indeed a new terror would have been added to the mysteries of the upper air; but further examination showed that there was an explanation which was unhappily simple. There was something wrong with the wireless apparatus, the headphones of which were clamped to the dead man's head.

There were four things wrong, the faulty insulation of the earpieces, the metal of the headpiece, the "earthing" of the accumulator, the fitting of the windmill which supplied the current. None of these by itself would have mattered, but the coincidence of them all sent a current at 1000 volts through poor Lowry, which practically electrocuted him.

Such a thing has never been known to happen before and most likely will not ever happen again. Tragic as the coincidence has been, the airmen who run so many risks will be relieved to hear that death by discharges of atmospheric electricity is not to be added to the possibilities of tragedy.

AN ICY PRISON

A Tale of a Refrigerator

In the basement of a Liverpool restaurant swings a heavy door which played a practical joke on a waiter that not even the most severe heat-wave could excuse.

This door opens and closes on a refrigerator. The waiter entered the big icy room to fetch some food, when the steel door clanged tight.

Startled but not flustered, he collected the dishes and touched the bell push which ought to sound somewhere up in the restaurant, and waited for someone to hurry down to see what was the matter.

He waited a minute, five minutes. Nobody came. He kept his finger pressed to the bell push. Nobody answered. Something had gone wrong with the wire.

It was useless for him to hammer on the twelve-inch steel door, and as useless to shout. He was becoming chilled to the bone, and as the minutes went by they seemed like hours.

At last, in despair, he collected all the sacking he could find, wrapped himself in it and lay down to wait for assistance. After what seemed an age, a fellow worker came down and found him, collapsed and half-conscious!

BIG EVENTS ON A LITTLE ISLAND

Making a Peaceful Pacific

WHAT THE EASTERN PEOPLES WANT

By Our Chinese Correspondent

A very interesting and remarkable event is happening in Hawaii, which is so far away from Britain that we seldom have news of it.

The important thing about the Hawaiian Islands is that they lie right in the middle of the vast Pacific and form a kind of halfway house where Japanese and Chinese meet Americans and Canadians. So Honolulu, their capital, has been chosen for the holding of a great conference between the Pacific peoples.

In the Pacific there are almost as many difficult questions between the nations as there are in Europe, and as the Pacific peoples belong to very different races and religions these questions are usually difficult to settle. The League of Nations has tried hard to make the nations agree, but without much success.

The Voice of the People

So the Pacific peoples are meeting at Honolulu to try to settle their differences themselves, which is a very important thing indeed.

Now the most remarkable thing is that the various peoples think that all the conferences held in the past were arranged too much by their Governments, and they themselves had very little chance of letting the other peoples know what they thought. That being so, delegates from America, China, Japan, Canada, and other countries are now about to meet face to face and talk things over from the point of view of their own peoples.

Of course, the results of the conference will bind no one, but its importance lies in the fact that it will let the world know what the peoples of the Pacific really want. It is a great step forward in the direction of friendship and peace.

THINGS SAID

Modern life is apt to produce, not strength, but stress. *Lord Dawson*

The tragedy of the sea-birds starved by fuel oil discharged from ships is universal. It rings the world.

H. de Vere Stacpoole

I enjoyed the time of office. It was a great time; it was a high adventure.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

There are in use today numbers of school buildings which no factory inspector would tolerate for a day.

Secretary, Head Teachers Association

We will rise again, if not this generation then the next, or in a hundred years. *Herr Tyssen, German Industrialist*

It is not the general public which makes a country great, but the man who has seen visions and dreamed dreams, and is willing to risk all to achieve his ideals. *Canon Carnegie*

Lord Haldane always keeps me supplied with a tin of tobacco.

The Prime Minister

The monuments in St. Paul's are mostly ugly, cumbrous, and grotesque, though the interior does not resemble a mason's yard, like parts of Westminster Abbey.

Dean Inge

Never in our history has the youth of this country had the same chance as now.

Lord Methuen

The call to honour all men comes specially to an Empire wherein for every white man there are six of another colour.

Archbishop of York